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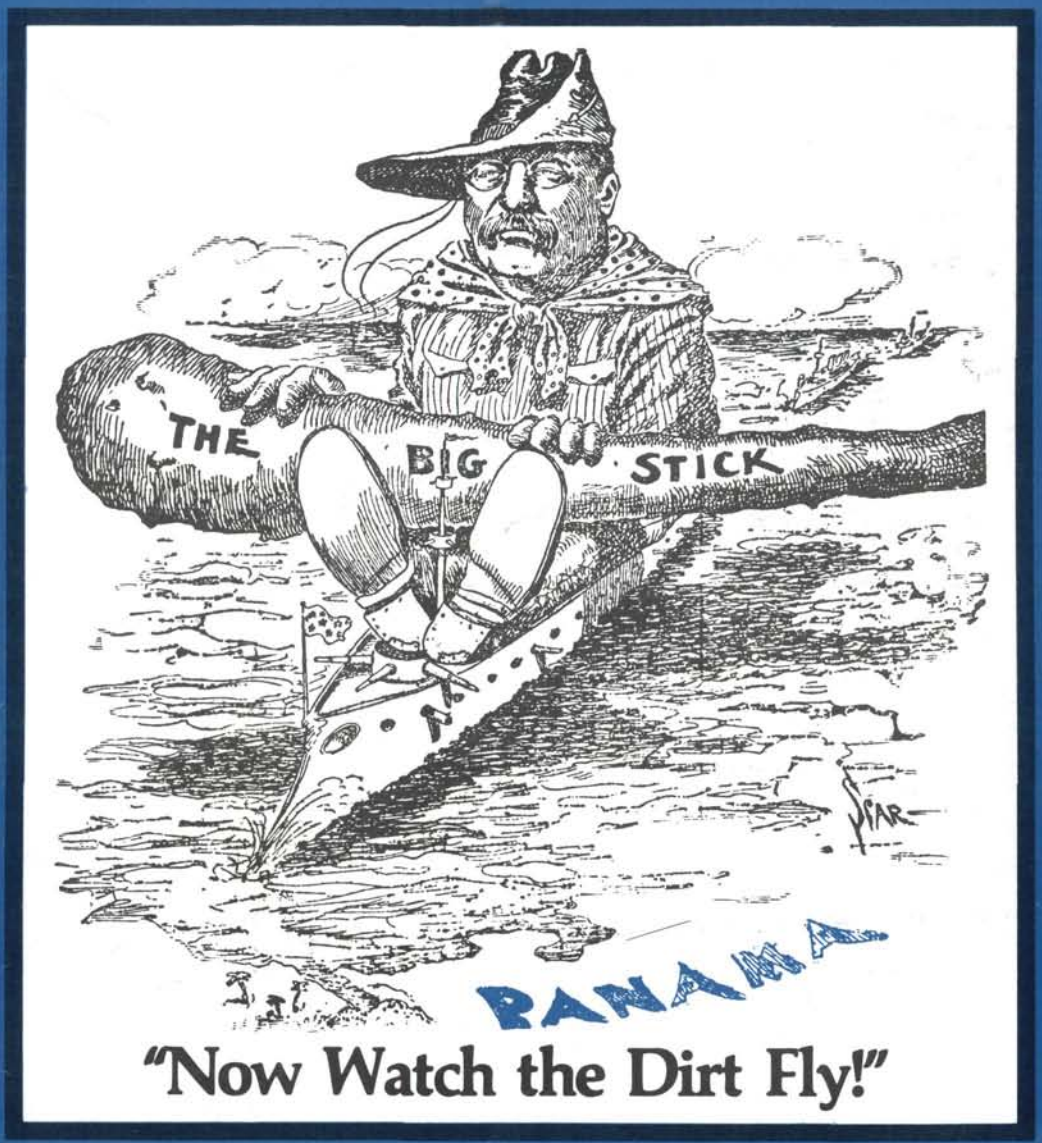

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TRB

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Aslosh in Waste

At Grand Junction, Colorado, they innocently used the tailings from the uranium mill to build homes, schools and public structures. All right if you don't mind gamma rays. Federal and state governments are helping out with the costs of cleaning it up.

At West Valley, New York, the Atomic Energy Commission in 1963 licensed erection of a nice new nuclear reprocessing plant upon condition that the state assume responsibility for perpetual maintenance of wastes. A year ago the contractor company, a subsidiary of Getty Oil, announced that it was tired of it all, was abandoning the plant as uneconomical and wished to turn 600,000 gallons of toxic liquid wastes over to the state. The General Accounting Office says that disposing of the wastes will cost maybe $560 million. Who pays?

At Clinton, Tennessee the operator of a small nuclear facility just walked away from it in 1971. Federal and state governments are sharing the decontamination cost—around $110,000.

Public authorities have been, and are, incredibly careless about their promotion of the immature nuclear power industry. A disbelieving House subcommittee under Representative Leo J. Ryan of California heard testimony on it while everyone else was watching the Lance affair. It was a good show, too, if you kept your indignation under control.

For example, what's the use of worrying about radiocative wastes? Experts explained that nature would take care of all that toxicity. All you have to do is wait about half a million years. Solemn-faced partisans of the new industry (and we all are partisans, aren't we, in the energy crisis?) said this was a grossly unfair way to approach the matter. Yes, Plutonium-239 takes a long while to decay, but that isn't what's used in the ordinary water-cooled uranium reactor, (of which 64 are now operating in the US); for them the time is vastly shorter. Such a plant has a useful life of around 40 years, Dr. Clifford V. Smith, an official of the Nuclear Regulatory Commission explained. Then, of course, when it gives out you have to do something with all those radioactive structures, components and systems. There are several methods of doing this with different names: moth-balling, decontamination, decommissioning. "The most feasible approach," explained Monte Canfield, Jr., of the General Accounting Office, "seems to be a combination wherein the reactor is permitted to 'cool down' for 70 to 110 years and is then dismantled."

That's more manageable! One hundred and ten years; that means if the reactor had been de-commissioned at the close of the Civil War it would just about have "cooled off" by the Carter administration. During its centennial hibernation, experts explain, it would have been padlocked and the public protected against its toxicity by "perpetual surveilliance" with occasional radiological surveys. (Does it occur to you, gentle reader, that we live in a queer world?) The costs would have been pretty high!

It's only in the last two years that much thought was given to the problem of disposing of nuclear wastes. When you burn coal you throw the clinkers and ashes down a hole but the stuff left over from a nuclear plant is radioactive. Our casual attitude toward the problem for 30 years might seem incredibly naive in another country but to a nation that has ravaged a continent it is just American. Millions of gallons of wastes are in temporary storage facilities, in tanks and cylinders, waiting. More are stockpiled every day. We don't know what to do with the damned stuff.

The government hasn't even kept track of the places where it had nuclear activities. A worried General Accounting Office got out a report in June, "Cleaning up the remains of nuclear facilities—a multi-billion dollar problem." It suddenly occurred to somebody that those spots might still be dangerous. Thus far about 80 sites have been identified; of these the Energy Research and Development Administration guesses that around 40 may require radiation surveys "and 10 to 15 sites may require remedial action." ERDA doesn't think it will cost much but Monte Canfield, director of the energy division of GAO, told the Ryan subcommittee "it seems probable that the cost to decommission federally owned nuclear

(continued on page 41)

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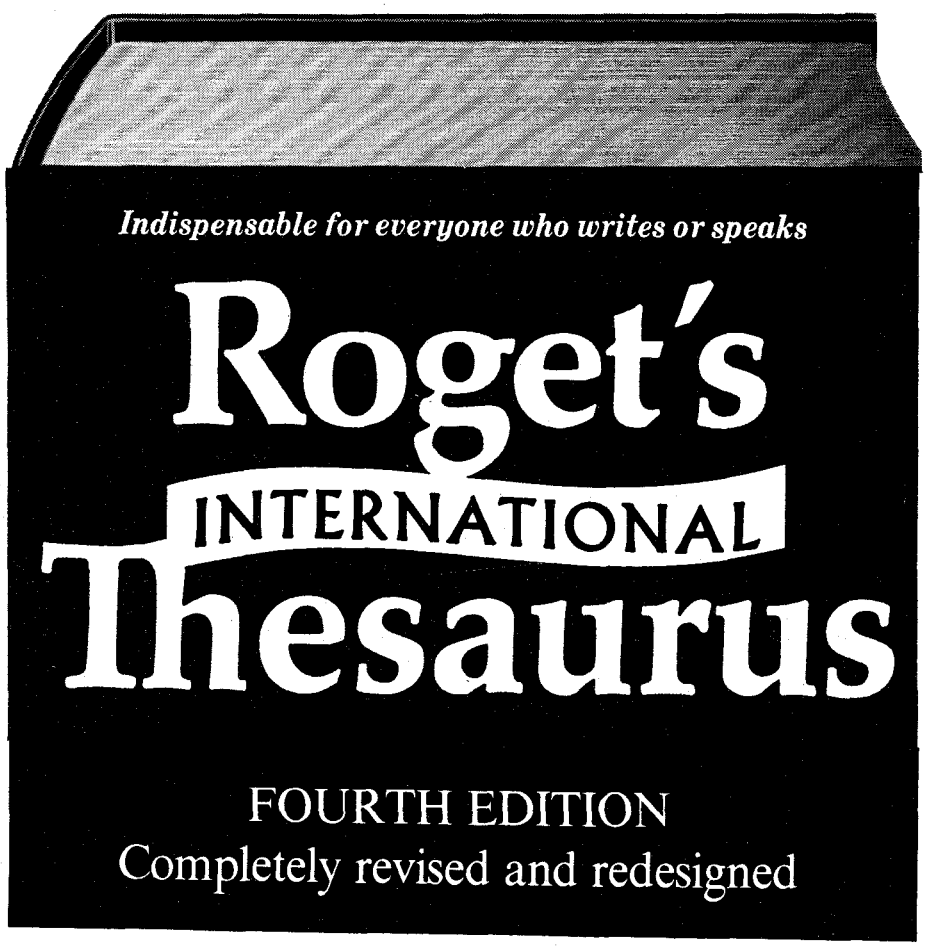

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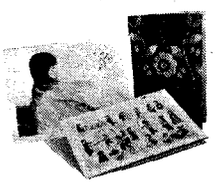

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

September 24, 1977

Anglo-Saxon Sentimentality

Uncle Sam: "Say, Panama, you are henpecked. The only way you can deliver the goods to me is to get a divorce."
From *The* (St. Paul) *Pioneer Press* (1903). Culver Pictures, Inc.

Two flocks of self-important geese swept into Washington this September. One settled around the White House, honking loudly, and the other made its way to Capitol Hill, where it began to complain about the gaggle at the other end of town. The reason for all the fuss was that President Carter decided to sign a new agreement with the Republic of Panama on September 7, conceding after nearly three quarters of a century of evading the point that the Canal Zone is a part of Panama and not the United States.

The week was full of ceremony. The geese at the White House, many of them in brilliant military feather, came at Carter's personal invitation from all over Latin America and other parts of the world to celebrate the treaty signing. The Capitol Hill birds, less brilliantly plumed, had been invited by an obscure Senate subcommittee to denounce the same. This second group intends to do all it can to prevent the treaty from going into effect, and many politicians think it may succeed.

The hearings in opposition to the Panama treaty were held at the Senate Judiciary Subcommittee on the Separation of Powers, not a place famous for its foreign policy debates. The sponsors were Senators James Allen of Alabama, the chairman; Orrin Hatch, a taut young conservative from Salt Lake City; and William Scott, the undistinguished gentleman from Virginia. The first witness was Senator S. I. Hayakawa, who dressed for the occasion in plaid blazer, green shirt, green pants and white shoes—a protest

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"This Partition of the Waters Has Served Its End"

In 1856 Newton S. Manross, a young Yale graduate with a PhD in chemistry from the University of Göttingen in Germany, explored Central and South America. What follows are his reflections upon visiting the Isthmus of Panama. These notes recently were rediscovered by his descendants, and are published here for the first time. Manross later became a professor at Amherst. As a captain in the Connecticut Volunteer Infantry, he died at the battle of Antietam in 1862.

Arrived on the narrow summit of the mountain, we stood up on a spot which was visible from both Oceans; but the forest rose above us, and we could not catch even a glimpse at the view through the leafy roof over head. Fearing that the clouds would gather before we could fell the trees to make an opening, I selected one taller than its neighbors, and climbed to its top. Climbing a tree here at home is very easy work to one accustomed, as I was in my boyhood, to chase and capture flying squirrels and gather chestnuts. But there it was altogether a different matter. The trunk of the tree, scarcely more than a foot through, was enlarged to the apparent size of a barrel, by the soft wet moss, and parasitic plants. I had to bury my arms to the elbows in the moist, green moss, to find the real tree. Then there were dozens of large Aloe plants growing loosely on the tree, their broad green leaves forming a pitcher that held a quart of water and as soon as I touched one it was sure to upset and pour its contents on my devoted head. By the time I reached the top, I was thoroughly drenched by these repeated christenings. Finally, however, I grasped the topmost limb and thrust my head above the leaves. The sight repaid me for all my weary climbing. The Atlantic, with its bays and islands, seemed to be lying at my very feet. A dark scowling storm was bursting over it; so dark that, as I looked toward the horizon, I could not tell where the gloomy sky joined with the inky water. Turning Southward, there lay the Pacific, gleaming in all the brightness of tropical sunshine. The glare of the water rivalled the glare of the sky, and made it difficult here, also, to mark the line of the distant horizon. From where I stood, down to the Atlantic, there was a wilderness of dark, forest-covered mountains; while on the other side, there was a rich, open, grassy, slope from the foot of the mountain down to the Pacific. The inner and outer view from the walls of Paradise could not have presented a greater contrast than that toward the opposite shore of the isthmus. The narrow lofty ridge on which I stood does not more effectually divide the oceans of water, than it does the oceans of air. While all was storm and gloom on the one side, all was peace and sunshine on the other.

As I looked I seemed to myself to be taking a bird's-eye view of the whole earth. There was the broad Atlantic on the one side, and the far-reaching Pacific on the other, while between them lay this mighty Western Continent narrowed down to a space which the eye could traverse at a single sweep. Just to the west of me, separated from my lookout only by a gorge of dizzying depth, there rose up the precipitous sides of an old volcano, which threw its roughened summit higher in air than Mt. Aetna. On its top, against the sky, I could see the outine of its bowl-like crater, perched, like a vast eagle's nest, on the crown of its jagged walls. Turning again toward the sea, I could count the swells as they broke in foam on either shore. I could have seen a sail-boat on either ocean, while a ship, to pass from one ocean to the other, would have to sail ten thousand miles, and weather, in its passage, the stormiest cape in all the world.

And then I fell to meditating on the original object of the divorce of the two oceans. My explorations had shown me that the date of the upheaval of the mountain range, on which I sat, was comparatively recent. Time was—in a remote age of this planet, it is true—when the two oceans flowed together, unchecked by the rocky barrier which now divide them. And then came a time in one of the more modern

grayness of his colleagues. Hayakawa introduced himself as "fascist pig number two" of California. He then ushered in "fascist pig number one," the star witness, Ronald Reagan. Hayakawa opposed the treaty during his campaign for the Senate. But now, to the great consternation of his pig friends, he seems ready to give up the hard line and side with the administration. The chairman welcomed the Californians and also Reagan's "commander-in-chief," by which he meant Nancy Reagan. She sat in the front row, beaming. Another star witness appeared later: Representative Flood, an ardent supporter of American claims to l Zone ever since Teddy Roosevelt stayed at er's house in Pennsylvania.

h was less interesting than the have scrubbed his old campaign "esponsible" new form. He n the constitutional of US property—a prerogative the State Department denies is applicable to the Panama Canal—and a general harangue about the strategic importance of ocean "choke points." He struck a glancing blow at Carter's human rights policy, asking why Carter would agree to negotiate with an oppressor of the people like Panama's General Omar Torrijos. Reagan implied he would never do business with tyrants.

The nub of his case, however, was quite simple. "To this day," Reagan said, "it is those rights of sovereignty [granted in the original treaty of 1903] which undergird our ability to operate and defend the Canal. . . . Once those rights are removed—and they will be removed immediately if the new treaties become effective—there is nothing to prevent a Panamanian regime from deciding one day to nationalize the Canal and to demand that we leave immediately. . . . We cannot be certain that, as the American presence withdraws from the Canal Zone, new demands for accelerated

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geological periods, when these huge Cordilleras thrust their heads above the water, and said to the sea on either hand, "Thus far shalt thou go, but no farther." And why? What purpose was to be served by this peremptory non-intercourse act of Nature?

In the British Islands, and on the Southern shore of the German ocean, I had seen the evidence of a period when those regions, now the seat of English civilization and influence, were under the sway of an Artic winter; when the frost and snows of Greenland reached Southward to the now sunny shores of France. But the vast planes of Providence embraced those then frozen and inhospitable Islands, as the training ground of a peculiar people, a race which should develop the arts and institutions of a Christian Civilization, and then carry them around the globe. To effect this, the perpetual winter which reigned there must be discrowned and driven back to Arctic seas and Icelandic caves. And then to secure this end, a current of Equatorial waters, bringing with them the subduing breezes of the tropics, must be brought up and poured against those ice-bound shores. And this again could be secured by the upheaval of this grand volcanic crest, as a breast-work against the set of the current along this great highway of the waters, thus bending back the flow at such an angle that the deflected tide should ultimately strike the Northwestern shore of the other continent. In coming down the Atlantic coast of the United States, I had traversed this self-same current, sweeping with its attendant breeze on their way to melt the ice-bergs drifting down from the Polar seas; and at length to empty their wealth of warmth and moisture on the shores of the Hebrides and the Northern headlands of Scotland. And when I thus traced, in a fancy suggested and sustained by scientific and historic fact, the long process of climactic changes in those Islands, the settlement and discipline there of that renowned Angle-Saxon race, whose imprint is today on all the civilization of the earth, and whose influence is the one controlling fact of the world's civil, social, and religious progress, I could not but exult in the truth of an Omnipotent as well as an Omniscient Hand, guiding the destinies of the human race.

And yet on the other hand I could not resist the conviction that the day is at hand when this separation must cease. This partition of the waters has served its end, and sooner or later its hindrance will be removed. This rocky barrier is not to stand forever in the way of the world's commerce. These two now parted seas will sometime be united by a ship canal. It may cost a hundred thousand lives, and a hundred million of money, but, even at such a price, it would be a benevolent enterprise, compared with the cruel objects for which life and treasure have been freely squandered even in our own day. And as to the glory of the achievement, it would outshine that of the campaign of both the Napoleons. For my own part, I would count it greater honor to fill the unmarked grave of the humblest laborer on such a world-benefiting work, than to own the sculptured monument of the proudest soldier that sleeps beneath the blood-stained ruins of Sebastopol.

To catch a glimpse as it were of the good times coming, when the sailor shall no longer dread Cape Horn, I took a pocket mirror, and held it up in such a way that I could see the Atlantic in it, while I looked past it to the Pacific. Standing on such a spot, I found that little mirror a perfect magic wand. By means of it I could blend the images of the two seas into one. With a single turn of my hand I could take up an island of the Pacific and set it down without even a splash in the Atlantic. I could lead an arm of the Atlantic toward a bay of the Pacific till they met and flowed together as if no envious continent had ever parted them. The world will yet pay its tribute of a hundred thousand lives, to realize the visions which that little mirror showed me. There are those now living who will one day see face to face that which I saw "as in a glass darkly."

withdrawal will not be made under threat of violence. We cannot be certain that outside influence hostile to hemispheric security will not make their presence felt much greater than before in Panama." That's Reagan's message, vague and suggestive, phrased in a way to scare the bejasus out of responsible citizens like himself. In Reagan's script, Carter wants to give away US sovereignty over the Canal and turn it over to hothead latins, dictators, Marxists, Russians and God-knows-who.

The most important point the Reaganites glide over in their presentation is the fact that the US never has held legal sovereignty over the Canal Zone. The 1903 treaty guarantees the US only the image of sovereignty, or in exact words: "all the rights, power and authority . . . which the United States would possess if it were the sovereign. . . ." Though less than full sovereignty, the right to behave as a sovereign in another land is a tremendous concession, one the Panamanians did not wish to give us at the time, one that we graciously offered to abandon more than a decade ago. Even the American statesmen who struck the deal in 1903 understood that they were extracting an unfair treaty under duress. Secretary of State John Hay, who negotiated the original agreement, confided in a letter to Senator John Spooner that the treaty was "vastly advantageous to the United States, and we must confess, with what face we can muster, not so advantageous to Panama . . . . You and I know too well how many points there are in this treaty to which a Panamanian patriot could object." They did object and have continued objecting for 74 years.

The US won its pseudo-sovereignty by intimidating the Panamanians in 1903. Since 1964 it has promised to revise the wording but has stalled action until this year. The 1903 treaty was not signed by a Panamanian in the first place, but by a French journalist in New York named Bunau-Varilla, who negotiated it in Panama's

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behalf and put his name to the document. He did this despite the strong objections of his fellow negotiators, who *were* Panamanian and who refused to sign. When Panama's foreign minister read a cabled version of the treaty and rejected it, the Frenchman fired off an angry reply by cable, demanding that Panama prepare immediately to ratify the agreement. If not, he warned, the US would withdraw its military support. Panama had just broken away from Colombia with help from the US, and had declared itself an independent nation. The withdrawal of the US Navy would be an invitation for Colombia to invade, dissolve the Panamanian government and hang the revolutionists. Some say this threat was John Hay's inspiration. Whatever the case, it worked. The Panamanians, loosening their collars a bit, signed where they were told.

Regardless of its pretensions, the US has never been anything more than a powerful tenant on Panamanian soil. Since 1964, the US has been negotiating with Panama to write a treaty that would recognize that fact openly. The agreement concluded this summer would do just that and change the terms of US tenancy. Six months after its ratification, Panama would assume sovereign power over the Zone, in fact as well as in law, and the US would no longer govern. However, the US would continue to use, maintain and even defend the Canal against attack for the next 23 years. In year 2000, the treaty would expire and Panama would take physical control of the Canal and Canal Company property. Beyond that date, Panama has agreed by separate treaty to maintain the Canal as a neutral zone.

Reagan's campaign to block this agreement has popular appeal because, when the complexities are set aside, the "giveaway" of the Canal becomes a potent symbol. It represents the decline of US power. In particular, Reagan believes, it is an instance in which the US is sacrificing its strength for no reason. He knows how to stir the resentments of voters who still feel the sting of America's defeat in Vietnam and the lash of OPEC's oil ultimatums. His task, which is to raise fears, is simpler than the job of the treaty's defenders, who must wade into the complicated history of the Canal and the neglected American promise to rewrite the agreement. Television is Reagan's medium and TV news, with its strict time limitations, suits him as a doubter much better than it suits the administration. In time, however, if the administration doesn't bungle it, people will see that Reagan has oversimplified the story and that the US has no moral choice but to recognize Panama's sovereign claim to the Canal.

President Carter's first attempts to win support have been clumsy. Congressmen who claim to sympathize with the administration resent the pressure being applied for a quick vote. Reagan and others have taken advantage of this mood and seized upon a technical constitutional point to inflame the problem. Reagan argues that according to Article IV, Section 3, Clause 2 of the Constitution, disposal of US territory cannot be done by a treaty alone, which requires only two-thirds ratification by the Senate, but also must be approved by a majority in the House of Representatives. The State Department's legal adviser, Herbert Hansell, reads the Constitution differently. Hansell said last week that the Canal issue can be settled by Senate ratification alone, and he predicts that if the House or Ronald Reagan goes to court over this, the State Department will win. The House will not be asked to vote on the treaty. Some House members are offended, but they may decide not to go to court. They are being cautious because the Constitutional experts who predict the House would win are matched by an equal number who predict it would lose, and the House may not care to risk creating a bad precedent. Even if the case doesn't go to court, it could stir up backlash against the treaty if Carter leans too heavily on Congress. One Capitol Hill aide, angry because he hasn't been able to see all the Panama documents, said last week that the White House lobbyists are in danger of driving votes into the opposing camp by using heavy handed tactics. Carter's parade of tinhorn dictators wins no prizes for subtlety.

Several years after the 1903 pact was signed, the then Secretary of War, William Howard Taft, was questioned by the Senate about US rights under the treaty. He said that Panama retained sovereign title to the Zone, but argued that the right was a flimsy legalism, a kind of bauble to please the impressionable natives, a "mere titular sovereignty." "I agree," Taft said, "that to the Anglo-Saxon mind a titular sovereignty is like a barren ideality, but to the Spanish or Latin mind—poetic and sentimental, enjoying the intellecutal refinements and dwelling much on names and forms—it is by no means unimportant." Now the tables are turned. Panama asserts its pragmatic interest in the Canal while the rough riders, with Ronald Reagan in command, chase after a barren ideality conceived in 1903. America dwells on its sentimental attachment to the Canal, cherishing the names and forms of the past. Panama is bored by these daydreams.

Koch for New York City

The prospects for New York City have seemed so dim for so long that it might be difficult for the voters to recognize that there may be some light ahead. Ed Koch's election as mayor of New York would not be a panacea for that multi-troubled city. But it would mean, probably for the first time since Fiorello La Guardia, that New York's ailments would be tended to by a man who knows from experience how to stay independent of special interests and the entrenched

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political organization.

It is not the ordinary inclination of *The New Republic* to endorse candidates in local elections. But the opportunity that New York now has to choose a mayor with a wise and coherent sense of the *public good* is so important—not only to the city itself but for the nation as a whole—that we'd be indulging ourselves if we stood aside, seemingly indifferent. The notion of a public good is, in fact, a challenge to the way politics is now perverted in our urban centers. Magnifying fear and maximising distrust, this politics pits group against group, class against class, neighborhood against neighborhood. Power rests with remote, often greedy and almost always incompetent leaders without a vision that binds people together; the polity is ruled by passions that blind and fester, and that corrode whatever strained goodwill remains in the community.

Koch has a vision of the public good. He has demonstrated it for years in the House of Representatives, where he was a heeded voice of practical liberalism. During his tenure there has been no congressional program in civil rights and human welfare that has been unaffected by his discerning and programmatic mind. Herman Badillo, a proud but reflective politician, has joined the Koch campaign after his loss in the first primary round. Badillo believes along with us in Koch's understanding of both what has divided the races in New York City and what might unite them.

We recommend Ed Koch, in part, because of the impression he has made here in Washington in his nine years of service in the House of Representatives. Not only does he understand the depth of the crisis facing New York City, but he is keenly aware how important Washington ultimately must be in restoring the city to a sound fiscal footing. Koch is known and well regarded by members of both houses of Congress. With him in City Hall, they will be more confident that the mayor understands what must be done to make continuing infusions of federal aid to the city politically feasible. In turn, politicians in the rest of the country may become more cautious about their constant use of the Big Apple as a whipping boy at home, a constant metaphor for all the ills of urban America.

Koch would enter office with that deep knowledge that comes from life combined with study. Not beholden to a governor or to a set of preconceptions, open in his sympathies and realistic in his sense of limits, this thoughtful and articulate man reflects the best of creative politics in New York. But creativity depends on discipline. And the discipline required for New York right now is to master the mortgage of municipal debt and to overcome the corrupting habits of impoverished ideas. Discipline itself, however, requires purpose and aims. Koch knows about restraint and also about the goals that nurture and keep meaningful hopes alive.

The intellectual poverty of legal services.

The Rich Get Rich, and The Poor Get Lawyers

The Office of Legal Services, a federal program of civil legal assistance to the poor, originated as part of the Office of Economic Opportunity during the heyday of the Great Society. Modest in both scope and cost—$1.3 million in 1965, the program's first year—it initially drew little attention, partly because it was overshadowed by more ambitious and expensive features of the war on poverty, and probably even more because of the uncontroversial nature of guaranteeing "equal access for the poor" to the judicial process. As unexceptionable as it appeared at first, the OLS soon became a source of acrimonious debate, mostly because of conservative dismay at the involvement of poverty lawyers on government salaries in liberal causes—busing, draft resistance, abortion, to name a few. With President Nixon's support, Congress in 1974 placed the progam in the care of an independent government corporation, a popular technique in recent years for funnelling tax money to worthy causes while keeping them immune from so-called and allegedly insidious "political pressures." (Other examples include Amtrak and the Corporation for Public Broadcasting.) At the same time, Congress took the opportunity to write in new restrictions forbidding legal services lawyers from handling cases related to school desegregation, the Selective Service, or non-therapeutic abortions, and from encouraging or participating in boycotts, strikes, and picketing. The new law also included regulations intended to discourage legal services attorneys from lobbying on legislative matters. Since then the Legal Services Corporation has retreated into relative obscurity, even as its annual budget has grown to $205 million.

The program is not completely without controversy. Cases financed by the LSC include the suit by the Passamaquoddy and Penobscot Indian tribes to reclaim two-thirds of the state of Maine. Legal services lawyers also have lobbied against utility rate increases in Kentucky and for a graduated income tax in Massachusetts. Criticism of such ventures, however, has been limited to occasional and somewhat perfunctory sallies from the conservative press. Perhaps it's just as well, because such examples, while questionable, raise only secondary issues that obscure more fundamental questions about the logic behind massive government legal assistance, the wisdom of encouraging expanded use of lawyers, the identity of the actual beneficiaries of the program—and, of course, the central issue of its value to the poor.

If, as Hemingway suggested, the rich differ from the rest of us in having more money, the poor are

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distinguished by their lack of it. The legal services program, however, rests on the narrower premise that what really separates the poor from the upper and middle classes is that they can't afford as much legal advice. The LSC's supporters see that as a cause for alarm, since they regard legal counsel, like food, shelter, and medical care, as a basic right, the lack of which makes life practically intolerable. The nation's lawyers are especially sympathetic to this point of view. In the mind of the lawyer, there is hardly any problem that cannot be solved by isolating the interested parties, determining the narrow interest of each, and letting them fight it out in court. People who can't afford to indulge this pastime *ipso facto* must be worse off as a result. To this way of thinking, merely having the courts and lawyers available as a last resort is not enough; full citizenship requires active and frequent participation in the legal process. The LSC now provides two lawyers for every 10,000 poor people and aims at doubling that number in the years ahead. It notes that among the population as a whole, there is an average of 14 lawyers per 10,000 people. (Japan, megacorporations and all, supports *one* lawyer per 10,000 people.) Four legal services lawyers for every 10,000 poor people is considered to be an "absolute minimum" level of assistance, and adequate only if private lawyers also devote more time to *pro bono* cases. One estimate is that providing enough lawyers to guarantee "minimum access" to the poor will cost something like $875 million.

Lawyers naturally always have been the loudest supporters of Legal Services. Part of the reason for that may be simply that they, like anyone else, tend to magnify the importance of what they do. Living with the law and litigation every day, they doubtless find it nearly inconceivable that anyone could go for months, even years, without consulting an attorney, much less actually becoming involved in a legal dispute. But the other explanations of their unqualified enthusiasm are more suspect. In the first place, LSC-funded programs offer jobs that otherwise wouldn't exist, making the program something of a Humphrey-Hawkins bill for the legal community. Lawyers need such a bill. Law school enrollments have risen 85 percent since 1968. The Labor Department's Bureau of Labor Statistics estimates that 100,000 lawyers—one out of six—will be unable to find legal jobs in 1985.

While siphoning off some of the overflow from the nation's law schools, the legal services program presents no competitive threat to private attorneys. The point of legal services, after all, is to offer legal counsel to those who wouldn't otherwise purchase it; thus, it doesn't take away clients from other lawyers. The LSC expands the job market for lawyers by furnishing a steady flow of federal money, making its lawyers dependent not on demand from clients but on simple bureaucratic momentum.

Lawyers profit from legal services in other ways. If a poor woman sues her landlord, thanks to the advice of a legal services lawyers, someone has to defend the landlord. The beauty of creating a demand for lawyers by offering them "free" is that for every poverty lawyer who starts or threatens litigation on behalf of a client, at least one more lawyer (and possibly more) will be needed to represent the other side. Even if the legal services lawyer prefers to settle the matter without going to court, the defendant—landlord, businessman, manufacturer, local government or whatever—well may require legal advice about the respective obligations and rights. Indeed it is implicit in the philosophy behind legal services that once one side of a dispute has engaged an attorney, the other side is *entitled* to legal help.

More subtle attractions in the legal services program no doubt weigh heavily with lawyers. The program's cosmetic properties gloss over not only the urgent and concrete needs of the poor, but also the legal community's unattractive blemishes. A federal program providing legal assistance to the lower classes relieves other lawyers of the duty to provide *pro bono* services to those who can't afford steep legal fees. The financial sacrifice, formerly borne by well-to-do attorneys moved by idealism or public opinion, shifts to a taxpaying public afflicted by too many other burdens to notice. Thomas Ehrlich, president of the LSC, hopes to persuade lawyers to devote more time to *pro bono* cases. But why should a private attorney perform a public service for nothing when legal services lawyers can make a living at it?

Government legal service for the poor also helps to gloss over the monopolistic practices of the legal profession, which keep lawyers' prices high. The Supreme Court has taken the first steps toward ending the practices by striking down bar rules prohibiting advertising and establishing minimum fee schedules. The ABA intends to give up as little ground as possible. So far it has conceded only a slight relaxation of its regulations, while discouraging full exercise of this new freedom with the ever-present threat of censure and disbarment. Certainly there is no advantage to most lawyers in abolishing such restrictions. Advertising and price flexibility would promote competition, which would drive down fees. Eliminating these laws and regulations would make it much cheaper and easier for the poor (not to mention the middle class) to obtain legal counsel when they need it. State-financed legal services, on the other hand, represent an attempt to bring the poor into the legal process without undercut-

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ting the protected position of the legal community.

The legal services program may be the most extreme example of the paternalism of the American welfare state: denying the poor what they explicitly lack—money—in favor of the goods and services the government thinks they should have, in the amount and proportion it deems appropriate. There is much validity in the libertarian argument that this approach denies the poor both the freedom to decide their own needs and the responsibility, essential to individual independence and self-reliance, to accept the consequences of such decisions. The alternative approach of a negative income tax, as economists generally agree, is a much more efficient method of helping the indigent. Moreover, it channels benefits directly to the poor, encourages their self-reliance, enhances rather than circumscribes their freedom, and needs only a relatively small agency to administer it. It is a fallacy to suppose that poverty programs are aimed principally at helping the poor. They are not. It is no accident, for instance, that Senator Robert Dole, a generally orthodox Republican, annually finds himself allied with George McGovern in trying to preserve and expand the federal food stamp program. Most of the program's most vocal supporters are not diehard liberals but moderates and conservatives from farm states, which profit by the government's subsidy of food purchases. The nation's farmers benefit as much from food stamps as the poor.

Providing federal subsidies to legal services programs—in other words, giving money to lawyers instead of to the poor—is a particularly striking example of this phenomenon. Nothing could be more certain than that, given money in the form of a guaranteed income, most poor people would spend it on almost anything but legal counsel. Pressing needs like food, clothing, housing and transportation would take priority over the services of an attorney, and most likely more frivolous wants would come first as well. Most people see lawyers as a last resort, not a basic necessity. The legal profession, feeling unappreciated, would like to change that perception, and one way to do so is to overrule the obvious preferences of the poor, arranging things so they have nothing to lose by consulting lawyers and nothing to gain by avoiding them.

Of course the pure rationalist argument against government distribution of goods and services rather than money is too facile. Society has an arguable interest in seeing to it that certain basic needs are met—nutrition and health care, for example—whether or not people would choose to purchase them in the market. And defects in the market system—especially in the quality of information available to consumers—make it especially unlikely that poor people always will be able to act rationally in their own self-interest.

Legal services advocates believe that the ministrations of an attorney represent exactly this kind of basic need which poor people will not realize they suffer from, and which therefore should be provided to them for free to make sure they get it. No doubt there are many occasions when poor people truly get screwed by merchants, landlords and others because they don't know enough to hire an attorney. But there must be just as many other circumstances when the availability of a "free" lawyer will turn another ordinary piece of social friction into a legal dispute. Government legal services for the poor, just like the increasing popularity of prepaid legal insurance for the middle class, inevitably will reduce the areas of social life where people are free to interact without the formalities of legal procedures, and without the assistance of lawyers. Few trends are more depressing than the increasingly litigious character of American society and government. Our growing inclination to handle every dispute through our lawyers brings to mind Judge Learned Hand's remark that he feared only death and illness as much as a lawsuit. No less an authority than Thomas Ehrlich, head of Legal Services Corporation, has lamented, "More and more legal pollution is clogging the everyday affairs of all of us. Thickening layers of legalism seem to surround our lives." Ehrlich sees the cause in "too much law." But the blame for too much law can be laid on too many lawyers and their dogmatic reliance on the adversary process as a solution to all social problems.

Lawyers create law; this is another conceptual problem with large-scale government legal services. Legal services lawyers, by and large, do not see their role merely as one of supplying a minor necessary service to the occasional poor person (like, say, a public service dentist). The philosophy of legal services is that bringing poor people into the legal system will lead to a wholescale betterment of their lot—that the adversary system can be a major implement of social change. This is what conservatives object to most about government legal services. Why should their tax dollars be financing efforts to change government policy in ways they may not approve of? But there are other objections that liberals ought to take more to heart. For the government to make social policy by hiring lawyers to file lawsuits is inefficient and undemocratic. The elaborate adversary proceedings of the legal process are no substitute for debate in an elected forum. The very idea that having masses of lawyers available to them can transform the lives of poor people is an example of the sterility of most current thinking about social welfare. Lawyers, psychologists and social welfare bureaucrats of every sort are provided in abundance, while money and jobs are withheld.

None of this is to say that poor people derive no good at all from the legal services program. No doubt there are many who have received valuable and important legal counsel and representation when there was no other answer to a problem. But there are better ways to ensure that the poor have ways of settling their

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disputes and protecting their rights, such as eliminating the numerous restrictions that prevent competition among lawyers. An even more substantial and far-reaching answer is to avoid reforms that encourage litigation and to nurture those that help people to avoid it, like no-fault insurance, arbitration, and mediation. Changes like these would reduce the need for legal counsel, making all our lives a bit simpler and considerably cheaper.

Stephen Chapman

Stephen Chapman is a Washington writer.

The Republic of China finds life as an anomaly very comfortable.

Taiwan's Future

Taipei

To visit Taiwan is to take a nostalgia trip, politically, back to 1950. You hear words and ideas here that haven't been in vogue in the USA since the heydays of Walter Judd and William Knowland. People actually use the terms "commie," "fellow traveler" and "chicom." The city that the rest of the world calls "Peking" is still "Peiping" here. Chiang Kai-Shek is a revered figure and his aim of retaking the mainland not only is taken seriously, but is a national imperative, the subject of that ringing style of rhetoric that is quintessentially Chinese.

Stirring souls is a high art on both sides of the Taiwan Strait. On the other side, the followers of "Chairman" Mao (newspapers here always put quotation marks around chicom titles) repeat colorful slogans such as "dig tunnels deep, store millet and rifles and never practice hegemony." Over here, Premier Chiang Ching-Kuo, son of the late Generalissimo, dramatically assures his people, as he did in an important speech in February, that "the great internal dislocation and chaos of the Peiping regime represents the anti-Communist fury of our mainland compatriots and also marks the fruition of our efforts behind the enemy's lines." He went on to predict that "internal strife will finally lead to internal turmoil [that] will generate internecine warfare and result in total collapse and disintegration." He declared, "We have never for a moment forgotten [that] to recover the mainland and liberate our compatriots is our bounden duty. At this moment when the Chinese Communist regime is afflicted by unceasing chaos, we should quicken our efforts to complete preparation for national recovery."

To an American, there is something quaint about the ideology of the Republic of China. This dedication to a lost cause, the defiance—it's a little sad, but also admirable, heroic, for all its unrealism, and crazily consistent. Peiping isn't Peking because "king" denotes a capital, which Peiping can't be because no legitimate government of China made it one. The Nationalists, of course, claim to be the legitimate government, even though they have governed only the island province of Taiwan for 28 years. The ROC's National Assembly still contains aging legislators elected in 1948 and the Republic won't replace them or even fill their seats if they die until new elections can be held in the mainland provinces they "represent."

Republic of China information brochures identify this country as "first in population" among the nations of the world, though it governs, in fact, only 17 million of China's 900 or so million people. ROC maps, of course, show one country including Taiwan and the mainland, with Nanking as the capital. In Premier Chiang's February speech, he declared that any accord, agreement or arrangement which any country might negotiate with "the Chinese Communist regime" never could be recognized as valid here and "must be considered null and void." From the premier of a country that has been de-recognized in favor of "Peking" by 45 countries over the past 10 years, that is nerve.

American diplomats always seem impressed to find Peking's leaders less dogmatic and more realistic in private talks than they are when making toasts in the Great Hall of the People. The same pattern applies, a bit, in Taipei. ROC leaders confess that they do not actually believe they will militarily reconquer the mainland, or even that a Nationalist regime necessarily will govern there. They explain it was a dictum of Chiang Kai-Shek that the Nationalists should fight the Communists 70 percent politically and 30 percent militarily. Contemporary ROC leaders say their vows to recover the mainland are "political warfare."

The Nationalists do believe, however, and profoundly, that the Communist regime rules ultimately by force and that the Chinese people would rebel if they could. The Nationalists also are convinced that the Communist establishment seethes with rivalry, "moderates" fighting radicals and gangs of five suppressing gangs of four in a gigantic and continuous contest for power. "What we visualize," one senior political leader told me here, "is that the only coherent unit would be ours on Taiwan. Then, we could horse-trade to have a completely new setup for the country. That's why we cannot renounce our claim to represent the people of China."

Chinese Nationalists also believe that they are the guardians of China's ancient cultural heritage. They remind Americans that, whereas our history is 200 years long, or 400 years at the outside, theirs goes back 3400 years. Viewed from this perspective the nearly 30 years of Communist domination of the mainland is but "a page or two" in a history book. The Nationalist grand

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strategy, as a result, seems to be to hold fast, gain strength, never stop struggling—and hope for a miracle, divine or political.

To an American, this doesn't seem too much more realistic a course than actually plotting a military comeback. But alternative strategies are not terribly viable either. Should the Nationalists choose integration into the Communist anthill on the mainland? It is unthinkable on Taiwan, almost literally. Advocating it, or even calling for negotiations with the PRC, is a punishable offense.

So, too, is agitating for Taiwan to declare itself an independent country. That strategy might have worked once, and probably would now make it easier for the US to maintain ties with Taipei while normalizing relations with Peking. But it seems too late for such a thing now. It is established dogma on both sides of the Taiwan Strait and among the nations of the world that there is but one China and that Taiwan is a part of it. Even if the Nationalists should suddenly reverse course, proclaim independence and even abandon claims to be China's legitimate government, the Communists almost certainly would have none of it. So, for better or worse, the Nationalists are stuck with a strategy of hold, struggle and hope. Lacking any other option, they have developed a "next year in Nanking" mentality, while working this year on Taiwan.

The work on Taiwan has paid off, probably beyond anyone's expectations. Economically, Taiwan is one of the wonders of Asia and a tribute to the efficacy of government planning, American foreign aid and incentives to private enterprise. Government officials admit that the Nationalists lost control of the mainland partly because they had no answers to China's poverty and represented maldistribution of land and wealth. They have tried to make amends on Taiwan, giving the population a stake in the system. They made land reform an early priority and demonstrated that farmers tilling their own land could produce enough food to provide for the highest-density populations in the world. They also concentrated on providing people with jobs in simple industries, chiefly textiles, that would produce export items without requiring expensive machinery from abroad. Only in the 1970s has Taiwan moved into heavy industries and high technology.

Taiwan is a place where all the good economic indicators seem only to go up and where the bad ones, such as inflation and unemployment, are kept flat. Last year, the economy grew at a rate of 7.5 percent, while inflation was held below five percent and unemployment was 1.8 percent. Per capita income, $132 in 1952, was $800 in 1976 and is scheduled to be $900 this year and $1400 in 1981. (The mainland's is $320.) In contrast to countries where per capita income figures hide huge gaps between the rich few and the wretched masses, Taiwan already has one of the narrowest income gaps in the developing world, and it continues to close every year.

Militarily, the strategy proclaimed by Premier Chiang is "to prevent a mad surprise attack by the Chinese Communists before their final collapse." American military officials say it would take the PRC five to ten years to develop enough amphibious capacity to contemplate an invasion of Taiwan across 90 miles of water. The PRC does, however, have the wherewithal to conduct an effective blockade of Taiwan if American forces are not involved in breaking it. The PRC has 60 to 70 submarines, the third largest fleet in the world, and outnumbers the ROC in aircraft ten-to-one. A heavy portion of the PRC's forces, however, are committed to the Soviet front and would have to be shifted for any action against Taiwan.

Premier Chiang claims that the Republic of China is "democratic, free, open and ruled by law." Government officials like to suggest to Americans that their system is very similar to ours. President Carter's human rights themes have been taken up enthusiastically on Taiwan, especially for propaganda point-making against Peking. Compared to Communist China, "Free China" is free, indeed, but it is also an authoritarian state. There are no real elections for national leaders, who are picked by the Kuomintang party and ratified by a rubber-stamp legislature only a fraction of whose members are elected.

Western diplomats estimate that about 250 people are in jail for sedition and other polticial offenses, including the crimes of proposing independence for Taiwan and negotiations with the PRC. Students claim that even talking about forbidden subjects can land one at an island camp for an indeterminate period of self-criticism and re-education. Strikes and demonstrations are not allowed. The press is under control and publications which violate the rules are liable to be closed down. Copies of *Time*'s August 29 edition arrived in subscribers' hands here with a nail-biting caricature of Chiang torn out of a cartoon depicting Secretary of State Vance parachuting into China for talks in Peking.

When I asked a senior government leader about all this, he explained it in terms of the continuing state of civil war existing with the mainland. Western diplomats say that restrictions on civil liberties have been loosened recently. In what may be a sign that the government belatedly will allow debate about alternative national strategies, it took no punitive action when the general assembly of the 160,000-member Presbyterian Church of Taiwan passed a resolution calling on the government to "face reality and take effective action whereby Taiwan may become a new and independent country." During Vance's visit to Peking, the Taipei press prominently featured speculation that the ROC might ally itself with the Soviet Union if "abandoned" by the United States. Government officials all deny any such intent, and Americans

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think any such move would provoke instant PRC retaliation. But this is another strategy about which debate apparently is being permitted. No discussion of negotiations with Peking is yet allowed.

If the government has any inclination to adopt a radically new national strategy in response to US normalization with Peking, it is secret. All public efforts are bent toward right now postponing normalization and somehow, if possible, preventing it. So far, almost providentially, the sword of Damocles has remained suspended for five years since President Nixon's signing of the Shanghai communique. Watergate, the deaths of Mao and Chou En-lai and the 1976 US elections have staved off the "inevitable." Now the Panama Canal brouhaha, the Korean troop withdrawal and a born-again China lobby are lengthening the stay.

On Taiwan, a visitor is bombarded with reasons for maintaining the status quo indefinitely. I counted, all told, 26 separate categories of anti-normalization cases, ranging from a coarse, simple one like "You can't trust the commies" to sophisticated arguments that America's interests *vis à vis* the Soviets, PRC, Europe and Asia all are best served by leaving the normalization process incomplete. Officially and unofficially, various Taiwanese employ a stunning array of worst-case and even-worse scenarios on a visitor: Taiwan might become a Soviet base. Taiwan's economy might collapse, with horrendous losses for US investors. The PRC might invade, with deaths numbering in the millions. Taiwan might go nuclear, or Korea might or Japan, or all of them. North Korea might invade the South. No ally would respect America's word, and even NATO would be shaken. Some arguments also emphasize the democratic, capitalistic, historic and cultural ties between the United States and the ROC. Others play on American liberals' tenderness for underdogs or conservatives' affection for anti-Communist toughness. In 201 years, it is said, the US never has abrogated a treaty unilaterally. Do you want to start now? It also is argued that breaking diplomatic ties would be an international legal nightmare, in view of 61 separate treaties and agreements existing between our two countries covering air rights, fishing, trade, patents, etc. etc.

Many of these reasons are valid, and some of the risks are real. Precisely as a result, the United States is proceeding carefully with the normalization process, especially to find a formula insuring Taiwan the maximum possible security and continued prosperity. No formula now exists that is also satisfactory to the PRC. Lengthy negotiations seem in prospect. But, contrary to Taiwan's hopes, the process cannot go on forever. Normalization can't be kept "inevitable" indefinitely. Eventually, the United States will have to act, choosing to recognize either Taiwan or China as China. Perhaps Taiwan ought to be, but China is.

Morton Kondracke

At age 86, he is being cultivated by leaders of both West and East.

A Toast to Tito

On August 9, a week before he left on his long trip to the Soviet Union, North Korea and China, Yugoslavia's Marshal Tito received an unpublicized letter from Jimmy Carter. Delivered to the foreign ministry in Belgrade by the new American ambassador, Lawrence S. Eagleburger, the letter offered Carter's presidential thoughts on long-range US policies toward the Russians and the Chinese. He also invited Tito to visit Washington early next year.

Carter's letter and the invitation it contained were not diplomatically *pro forma*. The President wanted Tito to understand American policy fully before meeting with Moscow and Peking leaders. He also wanted Tito to help in conveying this understanding to them. Moreover, Carter is anxious to meet Tito soon to cement American-Yugoslav relations even more firmly. Carter already has on his schedule for late this month a White House meeting with Edvard Kardelj, who is 86-year-old Tito's presumed successor.

Tito is being courted intensely by the West and the East alike. Tito has emerged as an influential elder statesman in the troubled Communist world, with access everywhere. Events in China and Western Europe last year elevated Tito to this status, although nearly 30 years of successful defiance of Moscow with his "national" communism already had established him as a significant factor in international Communist affairs. The reception Tito received on his August tour reflected his ever-growing prestige.

Despite Tito's independent stance toward the Kremlin, Mao Tse-tung, considering him a dangerous revisionist, refused to have any dealings with the Yugoslav president. Tito never was invited to Peking and vowed not to go so long as Mao lived. But with the accession to power of Chairman Hua Kuo-feng and the "pragmatists," the Chinese "discovered" Tito and issued an invitation to him. This was when the Soviet-Chinese "contre-danse" over Tito began.

About the time the Peking invitation arrived, the Russians asked him to come, too. This was fine with Tito, who had reservations about going to China without visiting Moscow as well. He did not wish the Russians to think that he was aligning himself with Peking and against them. The North Korea stop was added for good measure. When the Chinese learned that Tito had been invited to the Soviet Union for eight days, they proposed that he stay *nine* days in China. When the Soviets offered the marshal a brief holiday at a lake resort, the Chinese insisted that he also rest at one of their resorts.

The rise of "Eurocommunism" in Western Europe—and Tito's open support for it—is another reason why the Russians wanted to show him special deference.

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The Kremlin despises "Eurocommunism," but does not want to split the world Communist movement even further. The Moscow meeting in August between Tito and President Brezhnev was totally different in tone from their Belgrade encounter last November. At that time, Brezhnev asked Tito to grant the Soviet Union naval bases in Yugoslavia, which Tito refused. Brezhnev also spoke to Tito harshly about the June 1976 conference of European Communist parties in East Berlin where, despite Soviet opposition, a document was drafted proclaiming the independence of each party. Tito was one of the document's chief architects. In August, Brezhnev did not broach the subject of bases in Yugoslavia. The only controversy developed when Brezhnev complained in private that the Yugoslav press was critical of the Soviet Union. Tito replied that he was not in charge of the press, which was something of an understatement. Finally, after a lot of hemming and hawing, Brezhnev accepted Tito's demand that the East Berlin document be mentioned in their joint communique. Tito left the Soviet Union highly pleased with himself.

During Tito's visit to Pyongyang, President Kim Il-sung went out of his way in his private conversation with Tito to insist that North Korea considered itself "non-aligned" in world politics. Tito, who is the principal leader of the non-aligned movement, was told that the North Koreans did not intend to follow either Moscow's or Peking's lead. The Yugoslavs take this North Korean claim more seriously than Western analysts, who still think of Pyongyang as being cautiously loyal to both the Soviet Union and China.

In Peking, Tito received the greatest public reception ever accorded a foreign visitor. He spent a considerable amount of time with Chairman Hua, and was delighted to hear that the Chinese were interested in studying the Yugoslav economic system of workers' "self-management." The Yugoslavs do not expect the Chinese to follow their model, but they thought that the interest in "self-management" reflects a further departure from Mao's rigid ideological controls. On the occasion of this visit, the Chinese and Yugoslav Communist parties resumed formal relations that were broken in 1948.

Back from his tour through the Communist world, Tito is preparing to strengthen his relations with the West. He plans to visit France and Portugal before the end of the year and he is inclined to accept Carter's invitation to come to Washington at the start of 1978 for his third visit to the United States. In France, Tito will appear in France in the midst of the campaign for the crucial parliamentary elections next March, which the Socialist-Communist coalition has a good chance of winning. But he will be there as an official guest of President Giscard d'Estaing. In Portugal, Tito will be visiting a moderate Socialist leadership that two years ago deprived the Moscow-backed Communist party of participation in power. This will be striking a blow for "Eurocommunism."

Kardelj is being sent to Washington this month to emphasize the marked improvement in relations with the United States since Carter took office. Most of the irritants that marked the last few years appear to be gone, and the administration keeps assuring the Yugoslavs that their future fate is a major consideration in American policy. American diplomats worry about what will happen after Tito dies. Will the Federation of Yugoslav republics and autonomous regions disintegrate and will the Soviets try to take advantage of this? Carter wants to become acquainted with Kardelj who, if Tito's plans work after his death, should succeed him as Yugoslavia's top party and government leader. At next spring's congress of the Yugoslav League of Communists (the party's official name), a ruling mechanism is to be adopted. The party's reconstituted central committee will have 180 members. On top of it there will be a 22-member presidency of the committee. And, as the supreme body, there will be a seven-member "political committee." Tito is to be number one in this final group and Kardelj number two. This arrangement will be tantamount to Kardelj's annointment as Tito's successor.

By the end of the year, then, Yugoslavia's diplomacy will have touched all bases, East and West, on the highest level. Tito and his associates will be enjoying unprecedented prestige on all sides.

Tad Szulc

The Seven Deadly Sins Today

Anger or Ira

How odd we can feel—even preposterous—when we have been angry. What was it all about? Where did it come from? Such outbursts are not to be taken lightly. We fling words in anger and, when words are flung, they have a way of finding a perhaps unintended but wide-open target. After all, if we are spraying the whole of the landscape with gunshot, the odds are that we will score a hit somewhere. Anger is adept with menace and accusation. Our voices rise. Our eyes blaze. Our bodies stiffen. Our fingers point. Our feet stamp. "You . . . *You* . . . YOU," rising in pitch, spatters our diatribe. We are trying to make an enemy, even when there is none; and the sad thing is that we may succeed. The enemy whom we at first invented will have

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materialized, stung into existence by our tongue.

But it is not these flashes of anger, at least in themselves, that are counted as one of the deadly sins. William F. May gives the name of Hatred to the sin of Anger, to emphasize that it takes hold of us "in the highest reaches of the mind," that it becomes an obsession, that once it has taken hold it endures. His point is important, but Hatred is not the right word. Hatred is not the same as Anger, although it is a large component of it, and is often one (but only one) of its motives. If we are to give Anger another name, to emphasize its character, we should stick to the family of its close relatives. I will speak of it as Wrath. This carries the same suggestion of an obsession, of something that endures and consumes us: not the flash of lightning, the sudden clap of thunder, but burning in us like a banked fire. Wrath is a fixation; its eyes are fixed on the object of its anger. It eats us up. It is a sin partly because it is devouring.

We live in an age of Wrath. It is to be found in the terrorist, the kidnapper, the hijacker, the looter, too often in the clenched fist of the demonstrator; and one mentions these only as the most obvious symbolic figures. They are not alone. We are often with them. When we ask what is the justification of their actions, it is not only they who have the answer. Our age is no less ready with it, and as part of our age we parrot it. *They are angry*. With this excuse we justify their Wrath, and then in turn justify their violence. If people think they have a cause to be angry, they may act from their anger as destructively as they see fit, and we will supply the vindication for their actions. We have come almost to the point of giving Wrath an incontestable license to terrorize our societies, as an angry man may terrorize his family.

The police in our societies now have orders to stand by while mayhem is committed in the most literal sense. Mayhem is "the malicious and permanent deprival of another of the use of a member of his body resulting in impairing his fighting ability". What else has happened to a society when it has been terrorized into surrendering its rights to protect itself, restraining its police from lawful actions out of fear that they may provoke the terrorizers to even more violence? Its fighting ability has been impaired, maliciously and permanently, and we acquiesce and of course we understand.

Societies that tolerate and even encourage so destructive a force within their own bodies must at some point have taken a wrong turning. We have given Wrath its license by elevating a flagrantly misleading concept of individual and human rights. Any felt need or desire or longing, for anything which one lacks and someone else has, is today conceived to be a right which, when demanded, must be conceded without challenge; and if it is not at once conceded, the claimants are entitled to be angry. We can hardly blame the claimants for taking advantage of this foolishness, for they are justified in advance on four grounds: what they want, it is their right to have; when it is asked, it should be granted; if it is not granted, it is understandable that they get angry; and since they are angry, their demand must in the first place have been justified. No civilized societies can ever before have trapped themselves into such a vicious circle, for there are no boundaries which can logically be set to the concept of individual and human rights that we have adopted so frivolously. Any of us may simply express a felt need or want as a right, and our societies have left themselves with no rebuttal.

But let us approach the question from another angle. One of the most common causes of anger in our day-to-day relationships is a sudden onrush of fear; and one of the most common causes of this fear is that we are afraid of being shown to be ignorant. We all are afraid of what we do not know, and when we are confronted by superior knowledge even in an everyday argument, we usually will angrily deny that it is relevant. In our societies today we feel threatened by the evidence of superior knowledge. Montaigne quotes a classical author who said that the wisest of men is the peasant, because he knows what he has needs to be wise about. As long as he knows the seasons, his soil, his crops, his animals, the weather, he needs to be wise about nothing else, except his God, and his God is all about him, in the earth and the sky, and in the cycle of each year. The peasant is not bothered by the classier knowledge of the cities, and of course he is traditionally slow to anger. But in our cities today, we no longer know what we need to know.

Do we need to know everything about black holes; about cancer; about the neutron bomb; about Zaire; about art; about Norman Mailer; about laetrile; about suntan lotions; about astrophysics; about the world; about economics; about the universe; about life; about death; about God? In order to do the simplest thing, the youngest of us now seem not to know what we need to know. Even a child will strain its eyes at the small print on the wrapping before it buys a candy bar and, instead of sitting at the soda fountain with its friends, will exchange scientific reports with the pharmacist about which toothpaste is most likely to reduce cavities. We feel ignorant of all the information that is now available, and by which our societies appear to operate and be managed. Feeling ignorant, we feel fearful. Feeling fearful, we feel angry. We then turn this Wrath against "the system," or whatever we like to call it, which we believe is the possessor of the knowledge that we do not have and cannot master, and in particular of the clues to the knowledge that we believe gives it power over our lives, and would give us power over our own lives if only we possessed it.

In much of the propaganda and mythology of our times, there lies the belief that if only we attain mastery of that knowledge and the clues to decoding it, we will

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also attain mastery of our own lives. This belief is in part responsible for our misguided concept of individual and human rights. Give us the key to the bank where the knowledge is stored, and—lo and behold!—we will all at last be free. The concept of rights as it has developed is that there is something extraneous to ourselves which we have only to be given, in order for us at once to assume the capacities and even the characters to which we aspire. The individual is defined by his or her power, and the extent of that power by the extent of his or her knowledge.

Consider the student whose professor has given him an "F" for an incompetent performance. Of course he will not be angry at himself, for his own inadequacy or laziness, and neither will he just be angry for a moment at his professor, uttering an expletive that is not meant to be serious. He will direct his Wrath against "the system" that makes such demands on him; he will ask to choose for himself what he will study, and decide how he should be taught; and he even will claim the right to grade his professor. All of this has happened in recent years. This is Wrath and, although it is related to Envy, it is not the same. The hatred of Wrath is more widely destructive than the morose regret of Envy. Envy bites its nails. Wrath scratches with them. The students who destroyed the lifetime's work of a scholar by burning his notes, or tore up the card catalogue of a library, were not envious of the knowledge they did not possess, and which these symbolized to them. They were fearful of their own ignorance in face of it. But they needed an enemy, as Wrath will always search for one, and so they invented "the system." Envy has no need to rationalize its biliousness; the object of its resentment is always a person. But in order to invent an enemy, Wrath must rationalize; and nothing is more characteristic of our time than the way in which our Anger is turned so often against abstractions.

Wrath turns naturally to conspiracy theories, and these are again an expression of our obsession with abstractions. There at last—somewhere unproved but its existence certain—is the enemy. There in secrecy is where and how he operates, and the fact that we cannot see him is proof only of his cunning; and there above all is the proof of his control over the knowledge we need, in the very fact that he can hide it from us. Even in our flashes of anger at people we know, we reach to the idea of conspiracy. However slight the original issue, we accuse the other of trying to get at us, to undermine us, to go behind our backs, until at last we cry in triumph, "I know what you're up to." Wrath will always discover a plot, and the supposed existence of this plot is the most all-encompassing of its justifications. A simple explanation never will do. The socks never were mislaid by accident, they were mislaid by intention, there was probably even a plot to mislay them. Wrath needs its enemy, it will have its enemy; above all it will keep its enemy, imagining him as a conspirator.

Drawing by Vint Lawrence

The conspirator is usually a solitary, but so is the person who imagines the conspirator. He also looks out on a world of enemies, or is cut off from it. Conspiracy theories are an obsession to those who pursue them. Their authors are like recluses. They are wrapped up in documents, and their rooms are like cells with evidence only of their single preoccupation. Their method is mainly exegesis. From a few texts, they produce their interpretations; and year by year, they go on adding more footnotes, but rarely more substance. The whole of the real world, with all its accident and haphazardness, is blocked from their view. They are angry men in a world which they people with angry men. There is a conspiracy against them by those of whom we are kept in ignorance.

But our fear of ignorance today takes another form, that torments us and leads in the end to Anger. We fear ignorance of ourselves because we have been taught that we can easily have knowledge of ourselves: not by the effort of a lifetime but by the perusal of a few manuals, and now and then the guidance of a therapist. We are incited to rake over our feelings, examine our motives and desires, to make sure that they are real, and then to explain how true they are to others. People

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today spend interminable hours telling each other "where they're at" and "where they're coming from". We dredge ourselves so that we can invent a series of implausible little stories about our lives. Rebecca West may have said that "love is a journey into a new country," but she hardly expected us to start on it by poring over these quriky little maps of ourselves.

Reduced to this condition, our relationships with others become a kind of mutual therapy. An intimate relationship is satisfactory only if it satisfies "who I am"—which means "who I think or feel I am"—at any and every moment at which one chooses to raise aloft the banner of one's self. Not only can one know oneself, but the other should know one just as well, and be constantly alert, in his or her responses, to one's pleas for a reassuring massage. Thus the fires of Wrath are stoked, for there is bound in the end to be disappointment, and the relationship will quickly be reduced to an almost political battle over each other's rights as a person against the other. The fallacies are those which we already have noticed. We assume that there is a kind of knowledge that today may easily be attained by us—in this case of ourselves—by which we are able to define ourselves and so acquire a complete mastery over our own lives. When this proves to be false, fear and frustration enter to do their work, and the groundwork of Wrath is laid. And from this assumed knowledge of ourselves, we argue that any felt need or desire or longing represents a right that must at once be granted by our partner, and when satisfaction is not immediately forthcoming, our resentment works as angrily in our private as in our public relationships.

In all the examples that have been given, one incitement is common. People have been taught to believe that human knowledge is a box of tricks, on which they may draw to make all well for themselves and the world, for their class or their country. Of course there is no such box. But when they believe that access to it is being denied to them or discover that the tricks do not work, their Wrath consumes them. For they are being denied the greatest of "rights," the right to complete control over their own lives, and to make of them whatever they choose to think they are or can be. Beside this expectation they feel impotent; and Wrath is particularly a sin of impotence.

In all of these cases, and more that could be given, Wrath is a fixation on an enemy, which we are usually either imagining or exaggerating, until we feel an undue indignation at it. When we remark that someone is "quick to anger," we do not mean only that he gets angry too quickly, but that he gets angry at things which do not deserve such vehemence. We usually feel a little shamefaced after we have been angry. Why did so small an incident—a pair of socks had been mislaid—trigger so violent a response? Why did we throw everything but the kitchen sink into our tirade? Why were we so petty? This is no less true of the sustained Wrath which has its eyes relentlessly fixed on the enemy. To the real injuries that may have been done to us, we add imaginary injuries and slights, and these then tend to dominate our minds. It is alway easy to itemize the small and imagined hurts, and scream "You . . . *You* . . . YOU" in accusation as we number them off. But the cases and nature of the larger and genuine hurts are more complex, and it is not in Anger that we can counter them most effectively. Some of the more extreme women in recent years, for example, acting from Wrath and a desire for revenge, have had their eyes fixed on imaginary injuries or slights, and it is they who have been hurt most by the disproportion of their acts.

We also are damaged by our Wrath because, in our obsession with the enemy, we tend to become like the enemy. The story of the Resistance was a story of bravery, yes, but it was a story also of Wrath, which was prepared to use and even refine some of the enemy's methods, and so it became like him. Nazism has had its victories, not as a direct result of its own barbarism, but in the barbarism which it inspired in its opponents. Its own barbarism was eliminated, because it was defeated, but our barbarism has remained, because we were the victors. It was a small jump from the Resistance to the terrorist, and it is since the Second World War that the idea of legitimized terrorism has been given a kind of idly tolerant acquiescence by our civilization. Either the felt injury of the moment, or the injury of the centuries, real or supposed, is enough of a warrant; and we are always surprised at the end of the day, when we have permitted or resorted to such methods, to find that they have not left us untouched, and have not even left our victory intact. As in the flash of anger, we may terrorize at the moment, but in the end we lose.

Our societies find it difficult to subdue the Wrath of our age, and especially to repel the idea that any felt want may be claimed as a right, because they have erected an exaggerated concept of the individual, a false and untenable notion of individualism, which leaves us stranded between the wider society, in which we are no longer able to participate with any real meaning from day to day, and the mere pinpoint of our selfs, for which the society supplies only the thinnest gruel as nourishment. We are surprised when the disappointed individuals then turn round and say that there must be more to life than this, and to demand that it be given immediately as a right. "Bullshit!" they shout at superior knowledge. "Bullshit!" at superior authority. "Bullshit!" at whatever gets in their way, and makes them feel fearful and impotent. One of the results of Anger is the habit of blasphemy. We have only to listen to the vocabulary around us to hear the Wrath of our age.

Henry Fairlie

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Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Report from Edinburgh

It couldn't have been planned, still the effect was wry. The main theater for the Edinburgh Festival is the (refurbished) Assembly Hall in the Divinity School of the university. In the courtyard of the school is a heroic statue of John Knox. Two of the productions in the theater this year were versions of the Antony and Cleopatra story, Shakespeare's and Dryden's. And there, as we trudged up the steps twice to watch passion undo the fevered pair, was the stern figure of Knox, author of the trumpet blast against "the Monstrous Regiment of Women."

This was the 31st Edinburgh Festival but my first visit. It's a huge 20-day international enterprise: plays, concerts, recitals, dance programs, and exhibitions. (Rex Harrison was scheduled to do a one-man show drawn from Bernard Shaw's theater criticism!) These are only the main events. Much more numerous are the dozens of so-called Fringe events—remember *Beyond the Fringe*?—productions by small groups and university theaters from all over. I had the chance to see only two main productions and two exhibits of work by the German photographic genius August Sander (1876-1964).

Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, done in heightened Elizabethan dress, was a slightly mitigated disaster. First, the playing space in the Assembly Hall is too cramped for spectacular plays. But, after we concede that pictorially we were seeing digest versions of the A & C plays, the direction by Toby Robertson was bumpy. For instance, if ever a stage direction was implicit in Shakespeare, it's that the two lovers should make their first entrance together, close to each other. In my mind's eye I always see them borne in on litters, reclining side by side. Even in these narrow Edinburgh quarters, it was possible to do something other than have Cleopatra come in alone, turn back to the entrance, and *call:* "If it be love indeed, tell me how much"; then have Antony appear in the entrance and call back: "There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned."

Dorothy Tutin, known on Broadway and in films *(The Importance of Being Earnest)*, is a leading British actress of some ability, but her Cleopatra kept reminding me of a bosomy schoolmistress doing the part in front of her class and thereby hinting at things in her private life to titillate her girls. Of fiery majesty, none. Any Cleopatra who cannot whip the bringer of bad news with frightening fury is wasting her and our time.

Alec McCowen, last seen on Broadway in *The Misanthrope*, was ludicrously miscast as Antony: a spindly, screeching Cockney clerk, bewigged and costumed for a party.

The one taking performance was by Derek Jacobi, who was so good as Andrei in Laurence Olivier's film of *The Three Sisters*. Jacobi played Octavius Caesar and immediately registered distinction. He was also playing Hamlet at the Festival, and I wish I could have stayed for it.

I had never seen Dryden's *All for Love*. Possibly because expectation was low—Dryden after Shakespeare, for heaven's sake—I had a pretty good time. It would have been better if the director, Frank Hauser, had done a bit of cutting toward the end, particularly in Dryden's extended arrangements to finish with the picture of the dead pair seated next to each other on thrones, but the play has life and some music and was staged, in heightened Restoration dress, as deftly as possible in that space.

John Turner, an experienced actor whom I can't remember seeing before, explicated Antony quite competently. His wife Barbara Jefford, who was Molly in Joseph Strick's wretched *Ulysses* film, was a bit matronly for the serpent of old Nile—I sometimes thought I heard her girdle stretch—but it was workmanlike work.

What's most interesting about the play, however, is why Dryden wrote it. About this, one must guess. Dryden adored Shakespeare; in fact the title-page of his play (1677) says: "Written in Imitation of Shakespeare's Style." But that, taken alone, is a declaration of insanity: no mentally competent, let alone talented, poet could possibly set out to imitate Shakespeare on a Shakespearean subject without something additional in mind. True, Dryden said in his preface, "By imitating him I have excelled myself," and many artists of many kinds have improved themselves by taking the right masters. (This was Dryden's first tragedy in blank verse after years of writing in rhyme.) But that doesn't quite explain why he invited comparision by choosing the very same subject that a god-poet had chosen.

I infer two reasons. First, the shape. This, as many have noted, is very much a neo-classical play. Dryden pokes at the French in his preface, but Racine cannot have been far from his mind in structural terms (though the language itself imitates Shakespeare, as he says). To this end, Dryden concentrates on Antony and makes the play much more *his* tragedy, in classic mode, rather than a double affair. Dryden even neatens history by bringing Octavia, Antony's wife, to Egypt for a confrontation with her husband and his mistress—a dramatic license exceeded only by Schiller when he had Elizabeth and Mary meet in *Mary Stuart*.

Second, as he says in his preface, Dryden wanted to retell the story with strong moral emphasis: morality was a leading critical concept of the neo-classicists. It's always seemed odd to me

Films Worth Seeing

Annie Hall. Woody Allen, as if you hadn't heard. On-the-job training has paid off. His best so far.

La Grande Bourgeoise. Italian, despite title. Tolerable. A murder case in turn-of-the-century Bologna, with ideological overtones.

Let Joy Reign Supreme. It very nearly does—ironically. By Bertrand Tavernier, who made *The Clockmaker*. The French court in 1720. Rich, intelligent, sexy, and generally subtle.

The Spy Who Loved Me. James Bond. For those in James Bondage, this is far from the worst.

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that Dr. Johnson, who thought Dryden a great poet, should have held that this play's "one fault" was that Dryden had "recommended . . . conduct which through all ages, the good have censured as vicious, and the bad despised as foolish." That judgment would have puzzled, possibly grieved, Dryden.

So my guess—clarified by this production—is that Dryden "took on" a poet past adjectives, not to compete with him artistically but to make a critical statement and to make it more vividly by using the same subject that the giant had used. The result is far from a dry text. I can't quite see why one should ever do the Dryden play *instead* of Shakespeare; but done in repertory with it, as here, the production proved that the play is playable and that it illuminates some perspectives of change in art and society.

London Postscript. I paid another first visit—to the new National Theater on the South Bank where I saw Jonson's *Volpone,* directed by the head of the theater, Peter Hall, best-known here for his work with Harold Pinter. The show bustles, though I was unduly conscious of ingenuity in John Bury's rich settings, as if he had been forced to be clever in an improvised situation, like Edinburgh, instead of playing in a new house, the Olivier.

Paul Scofield, a very good actor, was a poor choice for the protagonist. Not nearly enough wiliness or wit. His unease—I assume that was the reason—led him to POUND all his POINTS so that I kept seeing the underlined words of the book he had studied. John Gielgud, a great actor, was weak in the weak role of Sir Politic Wouldbe, one of the first of the fictional Englishmen in Italy.

The National Theater building is in high Military-Bunker style and would make a fine artillery position if inimical warships ever come up the river. The walls are unfinished concrete, inside and out, unattractive to the eye and the touch. The traffic patterns for the entrances to the three playhouses in the building are a muddle: you have to go up three flights to get into the orchestra floor of the Olivier. That playhouse, the only one of the three that I saw, tries to combine thrust-stage intimacy with a conventionally placed audience—very few people sit around the stage, and the balcony stretches far back. The mixed marriage seems uncomfortable, almost like an afterthought. But the sightlines are better than at, say, the Beaumont, though the acoustics—in mid-orchestra, at least—seemed dimmer.

The food in the theater restaurant was good. But don't have dinner there after the show unless you're sure of transportation. Booked taxis don't always appear, the streets roundabout are absolutely deserted at 11:30, and it's a hike to the nearest Underground station.

National Public Radio

Jazz Alive

Steve Rathe, who since 1974 has produced the National Public Radio *Folk Festival USA* broadcasts I described recently in these pages, has launched a complementary series on jazz, called *Jazz Alive.* While NPR has in the past done its share of jazz "specials"—concerts by Roy Eldridge, Charles Mingus, and Dave Brubeck; highlights of the Monterey and Montreal festivals—*Jazz Alive* will be altogether different. Rathe's hope is that *Jazz Alive* will, like *Folk Festival USA,* become an ongoing, year-after-year NPR feature, "the definitive presentation," as he puts it, "of America's indigenous musical art form." While the new series does not properly begin until fall, last spring eight two-hour pilot programs were aired by many of NPR's 200 member stations. The pilots featured such well-known musicians and ensembles as Keith Jarrett, Earl Hines, Gary Burton, Anthony Braxton, Dexter Gordon, Nat Adderly, Ralph Towner, and the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis big band. If the three pilots I heard—of Jarrett, the Jones-Lewis band, and Hines—are a fair sample of things to come, the series promises to be at least as interesting as *Folk Festival USA.*

Moreover, the format of *Jazz Alive* presents fewer problems, for both producer and listener, than that of the

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. . . to know where we are and where we are going
. . . to dream big and implement realistically
. . . to recognize responsibility and make decisions with sensitivity

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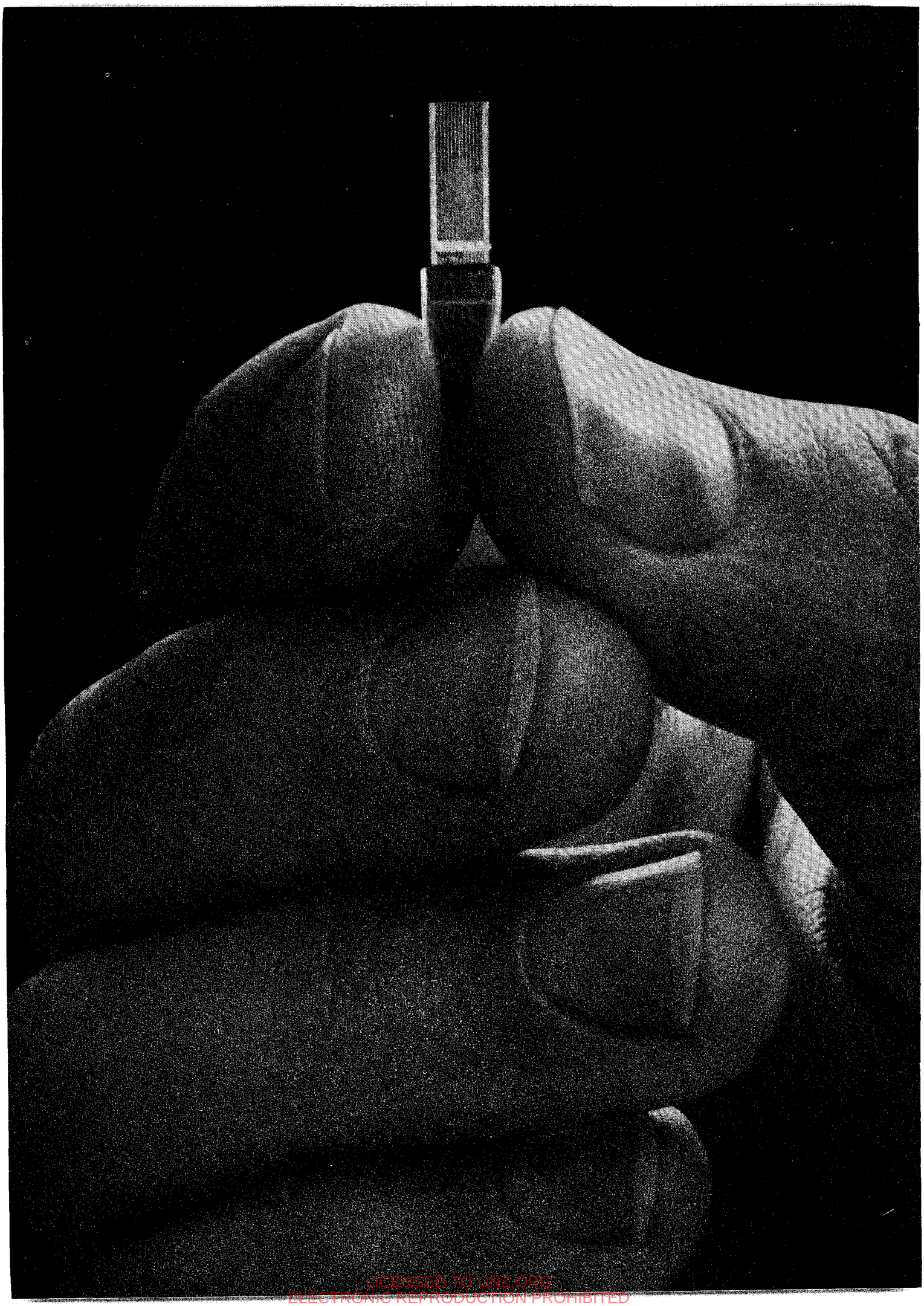

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The Chicago Connection.

With it, the phone system of tomorrow is in Chicago today.

A while ago, we told you lightwave communications was just around the corner. Today, it's in the streets of Chicago.

For the first time, the human voice, business data and even video signals are being carried by lightwaves traveling over hair-thin glass fibers. Instead of electric current traveling over copper wire.

But without that little link you see on the opposite page, lightwave communications for such a wide range of services might still be an experiment in a lab. And without Western Electric technology, the link might still be a design on a blueprint.

The link is an outgrowth of an idea from the people at Bell Labs. While they were putting the major components of the lightwave system together, they had to find a way to splice the glass fibers and get the light across the splice.

A Simple Idea

The idea they came up with was deceptively simple. A coupling device made up of tiny grooved chips, smaller than the tip of your finger, that would guide the ends of the hair-thin fibers and butt them up in perfect alignment.

There was only one hitch. Making one chip was easy. But there was no machinery that could mass produce all the identical chips that would be needed for a lightwave system like the one in Chicago.

Making Ideas Reality

That's where Western Electric comes in. Turning ideas into technological innovations is nothing new at Western Electric.

Over the years, Western Electric has piled up an impressive list of innovations that have become manufacturing standards.

It was the first company in the world to manufacture the transistor.

It was the first to put the laser to work as a useful production tool.

And it is the company that went beyond conventional machining techniques to make the chips for Chicago's lightwave system.

Each chip is pure silicon crystal. Its internal structure (a criss-cross arrangement of intersecting planes) provides a built-in blueprint for regularly spaced grooves. And because the crystal's diagonal planes etch faster than its perpendicular planes, uniform grooves can be chemically cut into the chip.

By combining the science of chemistry and the art of lithography, Western Electric's Engineering Research Center developed a way to etch 12 ultra-precise, perfectly shaped, identical V-grooves on each chip. With each groove no wider than a hair and separated only by a hair's breadth from its neighbors.

And, more importantly, they were able to reproduce these chips so that each one was a perfect double of the other.

Teamwork is the Key

The telecommunications revolution beginning in Chicago is another good example of how Western Electric and Bell Labs help put new technology into practical use for the Bell telephone companies, quickly and economically.

Their close relationship is an important reason why your telephone system is the most efficient and reliable communications system in the world. And it's a basic reason why innovations in technology are a common occurrence in the Bell System.

Western Electric

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earlier series: instead of having to be led, often haphazardly and confusingly, from a guitar player to a "workshop" on something-or-other to random conversations and crowd noise and then back to another guitar player, we can simply be plunked down in the midst of a club or concert hall and concentrate our attention on the performers, the flow of music broken only by an occasional interview or a bit of background commentary. In the broadcasts I heard, this sustained coverage provided not only a close look at the performers' varied talents (and defects) but also an illuminating glimpse of the ways they operate with audiences and the assumptions they bring to their work—important facts which of course cannot ordinarily be gathered from commercial studio recordings.

Earl "Fatha" Hines *Photo by Norm Goldberg*

The broadcast by Jarrett and his American Quartet confirmed the opinion of him I had formed earlier on the basis of a few records: that he is an immensely gifted pianist with a severely limited range who is best when he plays in his simple-pastoral-nostalgic vein and keeps his pieces short. The entire first hour, recorded at a club in Ithaca and hosted by pianist Billy Taylor, was devoted to something called "Death in the Flower," which lasted an interminable 50 minutes. Moreover, Jarrett did not stick to the piano but also played soprano sax, various percussion instruments, and something called a wood-flute. Ever since the mid-'60s, when the concept of "extended form" came into vogue among jazz musicians, the way to show that your music is Significant has been to play pieces lasting a half-hour or more; just so, the way to show that you are a Genius has been to demonstrate your mastery of more than one instrument.

"Death in the Flower" began with slow, irregular banging on temple-bells (the first time I listened to the broadcast, which NPR had sent me on tape, I kept rushing to the door). Eventually the wood-flute entered above, while underneath there were growling noises that sounded like lions at feeding time. As the growling grew fiercer, a clucking noise was added and Jarrett began singing in unison with what he was playing on wood-flute. There were repeated, irregular low strokes from Charlie Haden's bass, and eventually he took over, with a series of trills in the middle and upper registers. Paul Motian began to lay down a regular beat on tom-toms, and the effect became Indian or near-Eastern as Jarrett began scurrying frantically on soprano sax, then played a little tune over and over again, then began scurrying again, like mice in the walls. After all this died away, there was some bass-and-drum byplay, and Jarrett finally began to play the piano: lazy one-finger figures at first, then with soft chords added underneath. Dewey Redman joined in on tenor sax, and the music gradually became more conventional, like an orthodox modern slow ballad, and quite nice. Episodes of sudden willed obstreperousness alternated with returns to the ballad style. In Jarrett's piano playing, along with a great deal of noodling and just plain showing off, one could occasionally catch the sensitive feeling for line also heard, also only occasionally, on his records. After an elaborate bass cadenza, Jarrett began to play simple, flowing eighth-note figures and was soon joined by Redman and by Haden (now using his bow) in a strangely touching, gospel-like episode, very old-fashioned and religious but touching nonetheless. Everything slowed way down, then suddenly became very jumpy and boppish—and remained so for what seemed an endless time. There was another gospel episode that led to more single-finger piano noodling, and then suddenly the piece just broke off—after which there was wild applause.

The second hour was altogether more successful. After Billy Taylor had provided some background on Jarrett, there was again a very long piece (about 38 minutes), this time without a title, but it was more clearly divided into recognizable, contrasting sections and one could see more clearly what Jarrett was up to. The first section was in the quiet pastoral mode, a simple counterpoint of sax and piano over a steady bass, and was quite lovely; the second had a Latin beat, provided by the tambourine, and began quietly with piano and bass trading off the melody but then rose to florid eloquence; the third, with Motian now playing his full set of drums, had a down-home flavor but retained the Latin beat; in the fourth Jarrett reverted to his near-East antics on soprano sax; in

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the fifth he returned to the piano for a slow meditative solo that retained some of the near-Eastern atmosphere but was curiously moving; after an unexpected key-change the sixth section continued in the ballad style sometimes evident in "Death in the Flower"; the piece then seemed to end, and there was scattered applause, but instead the seventh and last section began, bluesey and again gospel-like, ending with a quiet benediction.

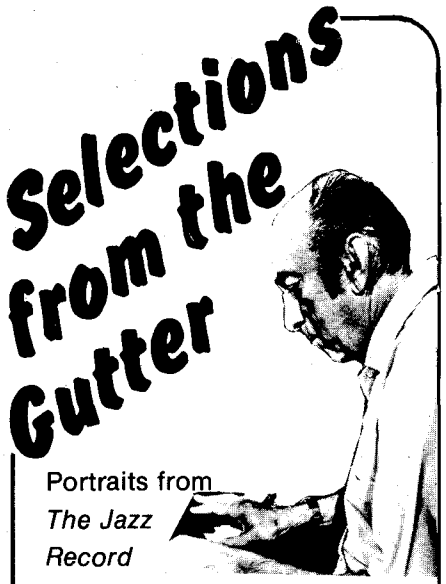
There was no interview with Jarrett, but he gave a short speech in which he thanked the crowd for their attention, saying it had taken him nine years to get an audience "without concepts," congratulating them for being "in the vanguard of such audiences," and finally stressing that his thanks was not personal but rather "on behalf of the music." It was all terribly sanctimonious. He then suddenly went off into an unannounced (and again untitled) piano solo, in three-four time, that was simple, full of wispy melancholy, and somewhere in style midway between Stephen Collins Foster and Satie. After becoming increasingly complex and heated, it returned to its initial simplicity, and for the last chorus Jarrett was joined by the other three musicians. The whole thing took only six minutes but was absolutely stunning; it left one wondering (once again) why Jarrett can't see where his real strengths lie. The program closed with Billy Taylor, now also grown sanctimonious, telling us that Jarrett's music is "beyond category" and extolling the rare "communion" that exists among the four members of the American Quartet.

The Jones-Lewis band, unlike Jarrett and other "experimental" musicians and groups, has, during the 11 years of its existence, made little or no effort to extend the musical language of jazz: the musical language it speaks is now, and always has been, the musical language of bop—learned in the late '40s and early '50s from Parker, Gillespie, and lesser men—extended only to fit the instrumentation of a larger group than those the early bop musicians usually worked with. I do not in any way mean this as an adverse comment: many of the greatest jazz musicians to be heard now and in recent years have done nothing more than hone to a fine edge styles already formed 30, 40, even 50 years ago—no mean achievement, by the way. Conversely, some who have tried radically to alter their styles have suffered from the effort: witness Miles Davis' excursions into rock.

The trouble with the Jones-Lewis band is not its musical conservatism but the prepackaged air the whole enterprise has always had. I have always found it a gas-guzzler of a band: big, loud, slick, expensive—but with less under the hood than you might expect. One's attention is always being directed to the band's "sound" rather than to the content of the music. Basie and Ellington, in their great days, of course had recognizable (in fact unmistakable and inimitable) "sounds." But listening to their music you never felt that a particular "sound" was being demonstrated: you followed the course of the music and were enthralled by the mastery and ease with which the interplay of soloists and ensemble was created and made to unfold before your very eyes (or ears).

Another way of putting this difficulty might be to say that the playing of the Jones-Lewis band is always proudly telling you: "This is a band of *professionals!*" This lapel-grabbing air was present from the first moments of the Jones-Lewis broadcast. On the Jarrett broadcast we first heard Billy Taylor's friendly and civilized voice telling us we were in the Unicorn Club in Ithaca, and so on; but here the first thing we heard was leader Jones's professionally crisp voice: "One-two, one-two"—then BANG! and we were off into a characteristically "exciting" fast number. Only then did the music go under and host Paul Anthony's voice emerge to tell us we were at the Village Vanguard. Then the music came up again, fast and frantic. After an empty trumpet solo (third-rate Gillespie), later joined by reeds, there was an equally empty tenor-sax solo, later joined by screaming brass, then a full ensemble, then some over-elaborate reed playing punctuated by brass, then a piano solo with smart crisp drumming behind it, then a drum solo, then a flag-waving out-chorus and an ear-splitting last chord. The whole number lasted about eight minutes. (Another mark of the band's musical conservatism is that they have not, thank heavens, been bitten by the "extended form" bug: their longest selection was only a little over 10 minutes.)

The attitude with which the Jones-Lewis band regards its audience is as different from Jarrett's as the attitude with which it regards its music. Part of being a professional is being, frankly and unashamedly, a showman. So before each number Jones would helpfully announce its title and the names and instruments of the featured soloists; afterwards he would enthusiastically reiterate the soloists' names and then, quietly and humbly, say "Thank you, thank you." The feeling amongst the band members is also very different from that spiritual "communion" shared by the members of Jarrett's American Quartet. What we have here is not a prayer-meeting but the Junior Chamber of Commerce, everyone full of good cheer and boosterism. Interviews not only with Jones and Lewis but also with several of the sidemen repeatedly gave evidence that this is a band everybody feels delighted and flattered to be a member of, an exclusive men's club, a continuing source of joy and pride to all. (I cannot recall ever seeing a picture of Jones or Lewis, either singly or together, in which they were not smiling broadly.) But the interviews with Jones and Lewis also revealed something far more interesting and closer to the bone: that both men are nervous and defensive about the band's reputation as a "rehearsal band"—i.e., a band formed by studio musicians to give them a chance to experiment in their spare moments; both are very anxious to insist that it is instead an honest-to-God working jazz band made up of real jazz musicians.



Edited by Art Hodes and Chadwick Hansen

A joy to read and a valuable addition to any music library or jazz lover's collection! Hodes, one of the great jazz pianists, persuaded many of his friends to dictate autobiographical articles for his magazine, *The Jazz Record.* The result is an important body of history, the best of which is gathered here.

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"Thad and I were what you'd call studiomen," Lewis admitted. "We made a living in New York in the studios. You know—you go to a studio because that's where the microphones were, or where the shows were. But"—he went on, rather edgily—"that didn't mean you were a studio musician. We also were jazz musicians."

There has never been any doubt about whether or not the great and venerable pianist Earl Hines was a real jazz musician. As thoroughly a showman as Thad Jones, Hines began by introducing the members of his group and by listing several tunes they would play. He then assured us: "As we go down in our program, I'll be telling you just about what's going to happen. And the reason I like to tell you the titles of these tunes," he slyly added, "is in case you lose the melody." The audience laughed understandingly at this, for of course Hines's style, ever since the groundbreaking records he made with Louis Armstrong half a century ago, has been marked by a dizzying rhythmic and contrapuntal complexity that often not only disguised the melody but even made you wonder whether Hines could work himself out of the tangle he had worked himself into (he nearly always did). But the assurance turned out to be an elaborate put-on, for Hines immediately launched into a long slow solo that seemingly had nothing to do with any of the tunes he had mentioned, and eventually led into one that he had not: "I'll Follow You." Then, without it being clear whether he was beginning a new tune or just shifting gears, he switched tempo and went into what only the chord pattern soon established as his own great "Rosetta." As he went on he increasingly began to drop hints as to its identity, but it was only during the last few choruses, when he was joined by bass and drums, that we got the melody itself and could be sure. The playing was light and elegant but a bit brittle and insecure.

By the next tune, however, Hines had put everything together. It was "I Can't Believe That You're in Love With Me," like its predecessors unannounced and not among the tunes he had originally promised to play. Hines began gently and easily, swinging beautifully, and did a soft, Armstrong-like vocal; then suddenly the tempo doubled and we were off on a dazzling series of choruses in which the old master showed everything he had. There were boisterous contrapuntal choruses in which each hand went its own way and then miraculously found the other hand again, chase choruses, and a sudden vaudeville ending. Though the whole thing took only about nine minutes, Hines's extraordinary sense of dynamics and change of pace gave it more textural variety than Jarrett could achieve in 50 minutes or than the Jones-Lewis band, for all the ingenuity of its arrangements, could call forth from its almost 20 men. As with Jarrett, you kept thinking the piece was about to end but then, as was not true for me with Jarrett's long numbers, you were delighted when it didn't.

There was a lesson here, and in many of the other Hines numbers, for young musicians seduced by the doctrine of "extended form": somewhere around 10 minutes is about the maximum length of time that even the greatest jazz musicians can keep alive the sense of form and construction necessary to achieve a satisfying musical whole. There has been a good deal of talk about how the musicians of the pre-LP era were stifled by the three-to-four-minute length of a 10-inch 78-rpm side. But recently unearthed records of dances and broadcasts played by Ellington and Basie and other great bands during the '30s and '40s show that when they were out of the recording studio, they usually did not exceed that length by much. (And some of Ellington's later attempts at long works show that he should have stuck to creating brilliant miniatures.) Much of our greatest music, after all, is very short: Schubert and Wolf songs; Chopin Etudes, Waltzes, and Mazurkas; Beethoven's late Bagatelles. Even the first movement of the Ninth Symphony, one of Beethoven's mightiest and most extended utterances, was only about 13 minutes long as Toscanini performed it.

There is no need to go into detail about the rest of the Hines broadcast. He too had a wretched girl-singer, and his sidemen were undistinguished. But through it all he was a marvel: not (understandably) the Hines of 50 years ago, but very nearly as exciting. And in addition to the old Hines there were new touches: flurries of stuttering repeated chords, for example, which showed that he had listened to Errol Garner, on whom he had had so profound an influence; and a charming imitation, on Ellington's "Satin Doll," of Ellington's lightly-swinging stride piano.

From this small sampling, then, one

Photos: David Wagner

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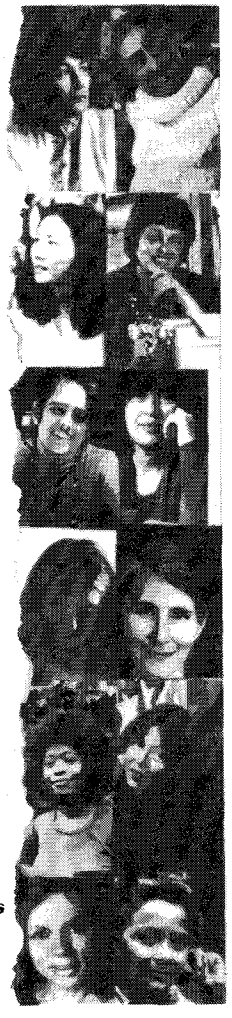

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can say that *Jazz Alive* is off to a good start. The fact that all three broadcasts were somewhat uneven is no drawback since they were not being recorded for posterity—though many listeners with tape-machines will surely want to give some of them permanence—but rather to give a comprehensive view of what used to be called The Jazz Scene. If the series is to continue well, however, its producers must somehow cope with a problem they did not face with *Folk Festival USA*. There are over 600 folk-festivals in this country each year to choose from, and since diversity rather than musical quality is the primary goal of the earlier series there seems little likelihood of there ever being a shortage of material. But quality obviously is one of the primary goals of *Jazz Alive*, and I doubt very much that there is enough good jazz around to keep the series going very long unless, at some point, it begins to repeat itself. There is surely nothing wrong with this, and it could be done in several ways: either by simply replaying old broadcasts that had proved especially popular, or by doing new broadcasts by previously recorded performers, or by combining the two approaches and mixing selections from a performer's broadcast of a few years ago with things he has recently done. It would be fascinating, for example, to hear two Hines (or, for that matter, Jarrett) versions of the same tune, done two or three years apart.

A second suggestion I would make is that the producers of *Jazz Alive* not ignore the very interesting groups that have recently begun to reconstruct some of the great arrangements and records of the past. I am thinking particularly of the New York Jazz Repertory Company, Dick Sudhalter's New California Ramblers, Dave Hutson's New McKinney's Cotton Pickers, and the various New England Conservatory groups that Gunther Schuller formed and that one hopes will continue to function after he leaves the Conservatory. There is a large audience for older jazz among young people who would initially be turned off by the dim and scratchy sound of the original records but would easily be led to them if they first heard adequate approximations in modern sound. Jazz, after all, is an art, and therefore the great jazz of the past is also jazz alive.

William Youngren

William Youngren teaches English at Boston College and writes on music for *The Hudson Review*.

Books Considered

Harry Hopkins, A Biography by Henry H. Adams foreword by W. Averell Harriman

(G. P. Putnam's Sons; $15)

During World War II, Winston Churchill hailed Harry Hopkins as "Lord Root of the Matter" because of Hopkins's knack of getting to the essentials directly, even bluntly. Hopkins kept note of these essentials of wartime diplomacy and strategy for a memoir he did not live to write. After his death, Robert Sherwood, quoting extensively from the Hopkins papers, wrote *Roosevelt and Hopkins*. Appearing in 1948, only three years after the war, it was a "now it can be told" sensation, read for its lengthy quotations from previously secret documents.

In their excitement over Sherwood's revelations, readers paid relatively little attention to his analysis of Hopkins. This remarkable social worker from Iowa via New York City successfully ran the massive New Deal relief programs. Then, in such poor health that it was almost a miracle for him to be alive, he served during the war as Roosevelt's prime deputy at home and emissary abroad to both Churchill and Stalin.

Readers will find themselves absorbed in trying to get to the root of Hopkins. Henry H. Adams in his new biography provides much evidence and some

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interesting suggestions. They are the most important contributions in this update on *Roosevelt and Hopkins* nearly 30 years later. Adams, unlike Sherwood, focuses more upon Hopkins than Roosevelt and has written some fine analytic passages. Unfortunately he is also rather uncritical in his praise. He suggests that Hopkins was one of only "five real friends" in all of Roosevelt's life, and the "trusted confidant" of Stalin as well as Churchill. Adams also adds new material not available to Sherwood from the Hopkins papers and other collections in the Roosevelt Library and from the vastness of published material that has appeared since. He writes about World War II with the same clarity and skill that he has demonstrated in his four-volume popular history of the war. This is familiar ground for him; fresh revelations of consequence are hard to come by. Only for the reader new to the subject will his book be as exciting as *Roosevelt and Hopkins* once was for its generation.

For those familiar with some of the vast literature on the New Deal and World War II, it is the figure of Hopkins himself that will be most intriguing. It is not surprising that biographers are turning toward Hopkins; Adams's study is the first of several scheduled to appear, examining both Hopkins's state of health and his achievements.

At first during the New Deal years Hopkins was the incomparable "minister of relief," as Searle Charles in the standard monograph has called him, then a potential presidential candidate until critical illness threatened to end his career. At this point he became Roosevelt's prime emissary and deputy through World War II. After VE Day he lived long enough to act once more as a special envoy to Stalin, this time for President Truman, then died less than a year after Roosevelt.

One Hopkins anomaly was that when he was running New Deal relief programs he labored resourcefully to aid the unfortunate yet liked to relax with socialites. "Friend of the poor, friend of the rich," Adams entitles the first half of the biography. It was the sort of incongruity which enabled Hopkins to switch smoothly to sponsoring business when he became Secretary of Commerce and later when he helped mobilize the economy in World War II. The ability to get along with the wealthy and famous, and a certain wide-eyed admiration of them, also probably helped him become so successful an emissary to the British leaders. Yet while Hopkins fought for power he never sought wealth, and died $25,000 in debt.

In his service for Roosevelt, Hopkins helped stretch executive power, especially the use of discretionary funds. First he became expert in persuading Roosevelt to switch monies into needed relief projects from such sources as Harold L. Ickes's Public Works Administration kitty. During defense years he was equally skilled in diverting money to armaments. In both instances these tactics enabled Roosevelt to act quickly without struggling for fresh appropriations or authorization from Congress.

During much of World War II, beginning in 1940, Hopkins was living in the White House, in acutely ill health, but more formidable than any of Roosevelt's previous advisers. It was he who expedited war production, acting for a considerable period almost as deputy President. Above all it was he who first visited Churchill, and later Stalin, and rallied the administration to their aid.

Nonetheless, it is possible that even Hopkins moved in and out of Roosevelt's favor. Hopkins's health caused him twice to drop out of active participation, but each time it was not entirely clear that he would regain his former influence. In fact, he did. Although Hopkins was totally loyal to Roosevelt, the President may have become bothered by Hopkins's great prestige with Churchill and Stalin (for whom Hopkins had obtained so much). Further, Hopkins had helped George C. Marshall to become Chief of Staff and strongly favored Marshall for the top command in Europe. Eleanor Roosevelt, whose influence with her husband can be too easily discounted, had become wary if not jealous of Hopkins.

These factors may explain in part the rather mysterious days of the Hopkins-Roosevelt relationship on the way back from the Yalta conference. At Yalta, Hopkins according to Adams seemed to play a conciliatory role between Roosevelt and Churchill. After stopping at Cairo there followed three gloomy days on shipboard with Hopkins quite ill, a beloved presidential aide, "Pa" Watson fatally stricken, and Roosevelt himself in very poor shape. Roosevelt and Hopkins seem to have seen very little of each other. At Algiers, Hopkins insisted upon leaving with Chip Bohlen for a few days' rest at Marrakesh. He resisted all of Roosevelt's efforts to persuade him to stay and help write the message to Congress on Yalta. That was conduct quite unlike Hopkins. Sherwood suggests that Hopkins wanted to avoid the long voyage across the Atlantic because he was sure to be seasick. Roosevelt was very unhappy over being left with no one who had been at Yalta to help him, and summoned Judge Samuel I. Rosenman from London. He bade Hopkins farewell in a bleak parting. They never saw each other again. Is it

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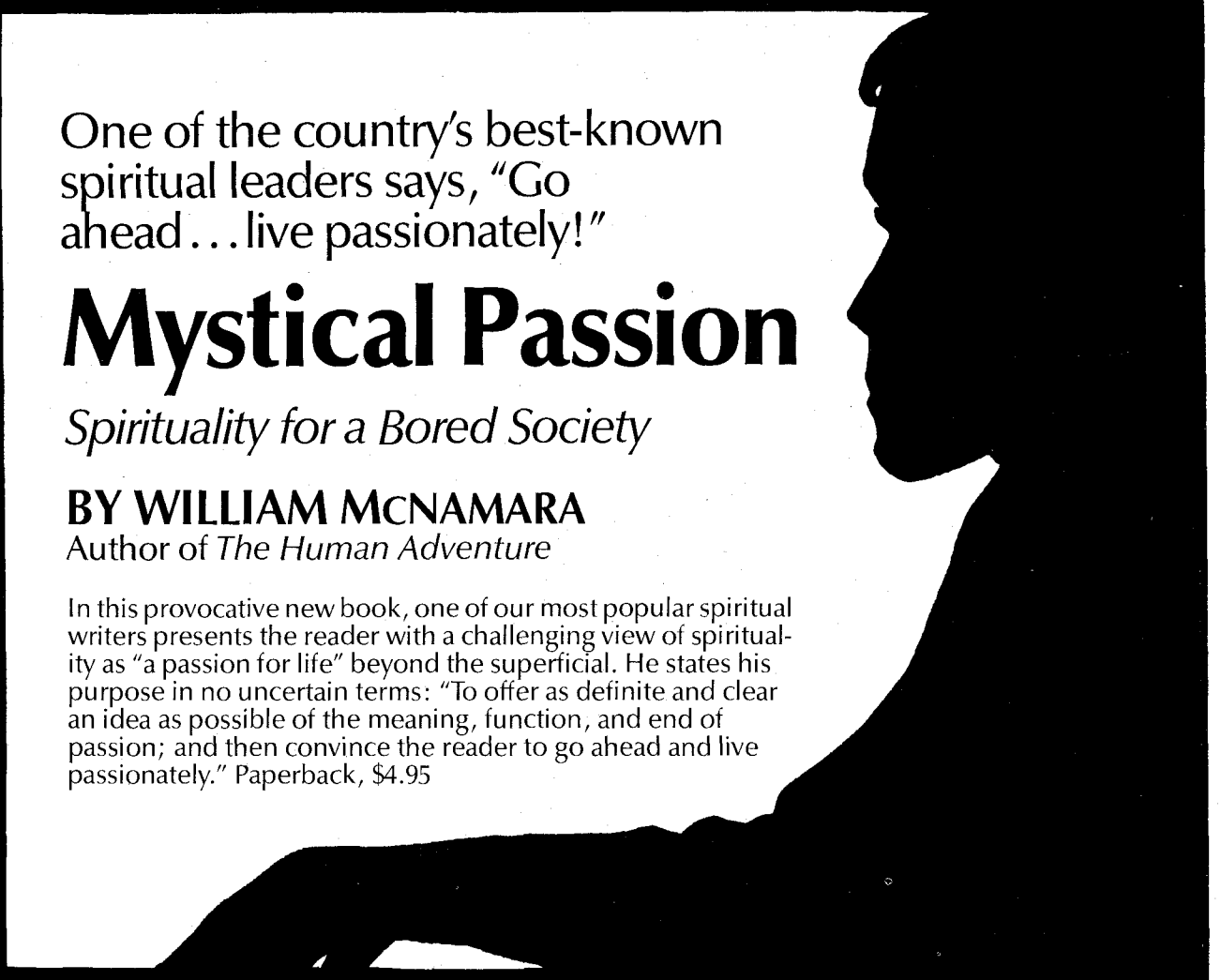

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possible that in addition to problems of health there were differences creating friction between Hopkins and Roosevelt?

Hopkins was a talented and pre-eminent aide to Roosevelt who had built enormous prestige for himself. Yet in the final analysis his standing, like that of all aides, depended upon the continued goodwill of the President.

Frank Freidel

Frank Freidel is at work on the fifth volume of his biography of FDR.

Hoover, Roosevelt, and the Brains Trust: From Depression to New Deal by Elliot A. Rosen

(Columbia University Press; $16.95)

According to Elliot A. Rosen, "New Deal historiography is fettered with an incredible mythology," and in this work he sets out to loose the fetters, or as he mixes the metaphor, "to reopen the ledger." Rosen insists that nothing that Herbert Hoover did in the early stages of the depression presaged the New Deal and that Roosevelt's "Albany advisers" at the 1932 Democratic convention, especially Louis McHenry Howe and James A. Farley, were optimistic bunglers rather than shrewd manipulators. He also claims that in 1932 Roosevelt, far from being no more than an amiable country squire who in Walter Lippmann's famous phrase "would very much like to be President," was already committed to economic planning, indeed to a comprehensive reform program; that the program was developed mainly by the three Columbia University professors who made up his "Brains" Trust, Raymond Moley, Rexford Guy Tugwell and Adolph A. Berle, Jr., but that both Moley's and Tugwell's recollections of how that program was developed are in error; and therefore that the distinction between the first and second New Deals that many historians have drawn is a false one.

In making his arguments Rosen attacks earlier students of the Hoover and Roosevelt eras with magnificent impartiality. To claim that there was anything progressive about Hoover's policies "rends the delicate fabric of history beyond recognition," and to say that he anticipated the New Deal "is most egregiously misleading." As to Roosevelt, Rosen disagrees with scholars of every variety and vintage, with the judicious William E. Leuchtenburg, with the well-known Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., with the relatively obscure Earland I. Carlson, with the conservative Eugene Robinson, with the New Lefters, Barton Bernstein and Paul Conkin, and with what I would call middle-of-the-road historians of the more innovative sort, such as Ellis W. Hawley and Otis Graham. Indeed, if I am not mistaken Rosen believes that no historian of the period other than himself has come close to understanding it properly.

Of course it is possible that Rosen is correct and that he has produced a major reinterpretation of the history of the Great Depression. Although it must already be obvious to readers that I do not think he has done so, a good deal of what he says makes a lot of sense. He does not use the phrase, but much of the recent writing about the Hoover and Roosevelt years suffers from present mindedness. Rosen is on sound ground when he says that criticizing Roosevelt for having sought to balance the budget or for his unwillingness to try to socialize the means of production ignores the economic and political realities of the early '30s, and that praising Hoover because he "foresaw" the dangers in what we now call the "imperial presidency" is equally ahistorical. By relying upon contemporary evidence gathered by scouring key manuscript collections, Rosen has reconstructed the atmosphere of the times and on many occasions has described what actually happened more thoroughly than any earlier student. His treatments of the roles of Moley and Tugwell are especially interesting and in general persuasive, for he has used both the published and unpublished works of these figures and also their recollections, obtained in long interviews. Rosen's treatment of Moley is fascinating, for while he admired him inordinately (they were friends for many years and Rosen helped Moley write his *The First New Deal*) he does not hesitate to point out where Moley's post-1939 recollections, recorded after he had become conservative and bitterly anti-Roosevelt, differed from what Moley said and did in 1932 and 1933. In his disenchantment with the New Deal, Moley played down, in his well-known memoir, *After Seven Years*, the more liberal and internationalist elements in his contribution to the Roosevelt program. There are many places throughout the book where new light is thrown on matters of considerable importance, and for this reason, it is a valuable addition to the literature.

Where Rosen fails is with larger questions of interpretation and in his style of argument. For example, he describes a memorandum dated May 19, 1932, in the Moley papers containing "most of the ideas that constitute the domestic New Deal of the years 1933 through 1937." Rosen calls this paper "the single most important document of the New Deal era." Its mere existence, he writes, "refutes the two New Deals hypothesis." Now aside from the absurdity of calling any one paper the most important document of the New Deal era, the fact that many of the ideas it outlined were worked into Roosevelt's campaign speeches and later into legislation does not prove that the memorandum had anything like the influence that Rosen claims for it. As everyone knows, Roosevelt's thinking was inconsistent, often illogical. He tended to shift back and forth between alternatives, often sought contradictory objectives simultaneously. Rosen himself writes that Roosevelt was "subject at whim to the pulls of old friends, and traditionalist ideas, or even pursuit of financial nostrums." That being the case, how could any memorandum drafted before he was even nominated prove much more than that its contents were under discussion? At another point Rosen describes Roosevelt as "committed" to national economic planning in April 1932. It is hard to see how anyone who has read Ellis Hawley's *New Deal and the Problem of Monopoly* (as Rosen obviously has) could make such a statement.

Rosen's treatment of both Hoover and Roosevelt seems to me old fashioned, and not simply because he rejects recent

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views in favor of the older picture of Hoover as a mossback, Roosevelt as the herald of enlightened social progress. Rather it is the partisan tone of his work that seems dated. Hoover does no right in these pages, and if Roosevelt is occasionally wrong, his errors are explained away or passed over. Hoover blamed the depression on international conditions but "instead of determining initiatives to remove the economic and financial causes of the steadily deteriorating world situation, he evidently failed to mobilize the enormous resources" of the country. His "draconian" domestic policies "precipitated the most enervating and demoralizing stage of the Great Depression." If Hoover "perceptively warned of the potential dangers and excesses of the welfare state," Roosevelt and his advisers "had not intended" these excesses. "They neither envisaged nor promoted the welfare state. Later developments proved a corruption of the New Deal." On the other hand, when Roosevelt avoided substantive issues during his prenomination campaign in 1932, his "formula" "allowed for the expenditure of energy in the building of a political team." When he came out for a balanced budget, sharp cuts in government spending, and a "sound" currency after winning the nomination, he did so "in an effort to retain a hold on the party's conservative wing."

And if Roosevelt "had little contact or sympathy with organized labor" in 1932-33 and beyond, "the labor movement's concrete goals harmonized with the Brains Trust's aspirations and his own for a better economic balance and attainment of certain economic minima."

If I read correctly the historians of the New Deal era whose views Rosen rejects, they would not disagree with his general opinion of Roosevelt and the New Deal, or claim that FDR did no more than carry Hooverian policies a little further. Their work seems to have been inspired, however, by just the kind of oversimplified partisan approach that *Hoover, Roosevelt, and the Brains Trust* adopts.

John A. Garraty

John A. Garraty, professor of history at Columbia University, is the editor of *Dictionary of American Biography*.

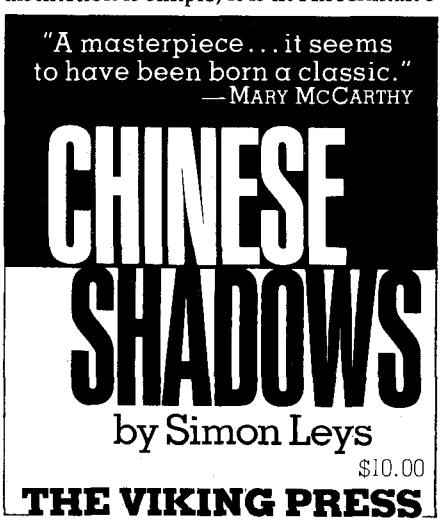
The Passions and the Interests by Albert O. Hirschman

(Princeton; $10, $2.95 paper)

Among economists Albert Hirschman, whose Ivy League service stripes record sojourns at Yale, Columbia, and Harvard before his ascension to the academic nirvana of the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, is best known for a distinguished body of work in economic development, a specialty with a fatal attraction for econometricians, cultural ignoramuses, and free enterprise ideologues. His classic *The Strategy of Economic Development* is a sophisticated interpretation of the pitfalls of the development process as it actually occurs within the matrix of politics, culture, national experience, and the standard acquisitive motivations of native and foreign capitalists.

Indeed throughout his career Hirschman's intellectual strategy has been unconventional. By and large, such honorable exceptions as Galbraith and Heilbroner aside, standard economics has generated both ennui and conviction among its consumers by emulation of hedgehogs rather than foxes, to borrow Isaiah Berlin's evocative image. The one big thing that economists have known ever since Adam Smith is in the founder's very words, "The natural effort of every individual to better his own condition, when suffered to exert itself with freedom and security, is so powerful a principle, that it is alone, and without any assistance, not only capable of carrying on the society to wealth and prosperity, but of surmounting a hundred impertinent obstructions with which the folly of human laws too often encumbers its operations." What socialized economists tend to exclude is the variety of things foxes know, above all that human behavior is an amalgam of pride, avarice, jealousy, fear, family affection, and assorted additional emotions, worthy or the reverse. At least in their pure state, profit-maximizing entrepreneurs, and utility-maximizing individuals are creatures of imagination who exist only to allow economists peacefully to pursue complicated theoretical games.

Hirschman is a fox among hedgehogs. His two most recent books, *Exit, Voice, and Loyalty*, which received far less public notice than it merited, and the present volume are elegant analyses of the subtle relations among politics, human passion, and economic behavior. *Exit, Voice, and Loyalty* focuses upon the politics as much as the economics of buying and selling. Textbook versions of your and my response to the stuff we are urged to buy stress sensitivity to price. A wine bibber who gets wind of a Bordeaux of merit equal to his current tipple but at a lower price hares off to the wine shop which harbors the bargain and deserts without further ado the higher-priced bottle and its chagrined proprietor. Traditional demand curves represent simple price-quantity relationships. As prices rise, buyers buy less, and the other way around. According to Hirschman, price theory routinely neglects the sensitivity of buyers to quality and the availability to them of a response different from desertion of a high-priced seller, Hirschman's "exit." The alternative consumer strategy is political, the organized consumer pressure which has brought fame to Ralph Nader and a measure of success to the Sierra Club and the Friends of the Earth. Since any of us can stay put and shout, "voice" is sometimes the only way of restoring lost quality. Although the distinction is simple, it is in Hirschman's



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hands capable of extension to a wide range of affairs, including politics and the postal service. Stay a second on the mails. In Hirschman's view, just because the most disaffected users of the post office, commercial mailers, have been able to exit and resort to telephones and electronic data transmission, the "voice" of the rest of us has been critically weakened. There are no Friends of First Class Mail to cry out on our behalf. We have no real alternative save to snarl and bear it. The paradox is that hope of improvement would be more substantial if the postal service were a genuine monopoly for all major users. Then businessmen would truly raise their powerful voice and something would be done. At times, two centuries of economics to the contrary notwithstanding, monopoly works better than competition.

The Passion and the Interests revives a neglected episode of intellectual history, the search by Montesquieu, David Hume, Sir James Steuart, and the Adam Smith of *The Theory of Moral Sentiments*, for a principle capable of curbing the wicked passions of human beings in general and rulers in particular. Once belief in God and attachment to feudal loyalty weaken, what makes the citizen accept his government as legitimate, and what prevents rulers from becoming tyrants? Greatly to simplify Hirschman's subtle examination of the evidence, his cast of characters sought for doctrines of countervailance. Montesquieu was fascinated by the bill of exchange whose use in his time was rapidly spreading because the device, by making wealth mobile, effectively protected property from the exactions of local tyrants. An aspiring despot of any judgment would restrain his own impulse to dominate by the prudential consideration that merchants would promptly remove their wealth from his grasp. In Montesquieu's words (taken by Hirschman as his epigraph), " . . . it is fortunate for men to be in a situation in which, though their passions may prompt them to be wicked (*mechants*), they have nevertheless an interest in not being so."

There was a second possible answer. The passions might neutralize each other. The struggle might exhaust the strength for evil of the bodies in which the passions raged. This was a familiar theme for Dr. Samuel Johnson among other 18th century pundits. In a frequently cited passage, Keynes echoed the sentiment: "Dangerous human proclivities can be canalized into comparatively harmless channels by the existence of opportunity for money-making and private wealth, which, if they cannot be satisfied in this way, may find their outlet in cruelty, the reckless pursuit of personal power and authority, and other forms of self-aggrandizement." Keynes added that "It is better that a man should tyrannize over his bank balance than over his fellow-citizens; and whilst the former is sometimes denounced as being but a means to the latter, sometimes at least it is an alternative."

It was Adam Smith, a happy participant in such discussions as a moral philosopher, who abruptly terminated them as a political economist. At several critical junctures in *The Wealth of Nations* Smith simply collapses passions and interests into a single term. Hirschman quotes one such passage: "It is thus that the *private interests and passions* (emphasis added) of individuals naturally dispose them to turn their stock toward the employment which in ordinary cases are most advantageous to the society." Smith was confident that the invisible hand would bring into natural harmony private interest in individual improvement and public interest in general progress, the notion of an unrepentant hedgehog.

Smith triumphed. Economics still is written in his image. And, as Hirschman points out, the advanced countries of the globe during the 19th and 20th centuries did in fact experiment with "the idea that men pursuing their interest would be forever harmless." Such is the major premise of market capitalism. As usual, events were untidier than ideas. The passions did not dutifully vanish or diminish. Rather, as Hirschman puts it, "As economic growth in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries uprooted millions of people, impoverished numerous groups while enriching some, caused large-scale unemployment during cyclical depressions, it became clear to a number of observers that those caught in these violent transformations would on occasion become passionate—passionately angry, fearful, resentful."

Hirschman identifies an additional twist to the historical record. Capitalism "was supposed to accomplish exactly what was soon to be denounced as its worst feature." This is to say that in the process of a successful drive "to repress certain human . . . proclivities and to fashion a . . more 'one-dimensional' human personality," capitalism brought into being a "new world" bereft of "nobility, grandeur, mystery, and, above all, passion." 19th-century romanticism was one response to the new, intolerably prosaic climate. In Hirschman's opinion, Marx's doctrine of alienation, Freud's emphasis upon libidinal repression as the unavoidable penalty of economic progress, and Weber's speculations upon the disintegration of the magical vision of the world, all represent attempts to cope with the whole of the human personality, perceived by each of these writers as damaged by capitalist triumph.

A modest man, Hirschman claims only that "both critics and defenders of capitalism could improve their arguments through knowledge of the episode in intellectual history that has been recounted here." I am inclined to add that if economists like foxes widened their vision of the world they might do better at understanding great events than their recent record of interpretation and prognosis. I infer a final moral that our guide is far too courteous to his confreres to state: those who neglect the passions are either fools or economists.

Robert Lekachman

Robert Lekachman is the author of *Economists at Bay* and Distinguished Professor of Economics at Lehman College (CUNY).

Southern Africa in Crisis
edited by Gwendolen M. Carter and Patrick O'Meara

(Indiana University Press; $12.50)

Southern African events of the past three years since the collapse of the Portuguese African empire have presented African specialists with the opportunity of a generation. "Their" region is back on page one, creating a booming market for their expertise. As the editors of *Southern Africa in Crisis*

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tells us somewhat breathlessly, this volume was prepared "in record time" to provide "background and insight into the rapidly changing international situation in Southern Africa." Featuring a clutch of top Southern Africanists (Gwendolen Carter, John Marcum, Absolom Vilakazi) and the foremost English-language journalist on Africa (Colin Legum of *The Observer*), the book represents the world view of the Africanist establishment.

The reader expects, therefore, that this will be a good, timely, and perhaps even important work, but the book falls far short of its stated objectives, and leaves one wondering about the propensity of regional specialists to confirm the things people say about them. Given a splendid opportunity to relate developments in Southern Africa to a broader vision of world politics—and to some conception of western interests and strategies—the volume for the most part contents itself with providing narrow, single-country studies. Facing the challenge of communicating with a public which, in general, knows and cares little about Africa or Africans, the contributors all too often appear to preach to the converted. Yet this is not intended as an academic book. It assumes no prior knowledge of African affairs, and is remarkably free of scholarly jargon. There is a brief and predictable bibliography, but readers are spared further acquaintance with the authors' sources. It is a puzzling collections of essays built around the vague theme of crisis and change.

Southern Africa in Crisis offers us essentially a set of brief studies of Rhodesia (Zimbabwe), Mozambique, South Africa, Angola, Namibia (Southwest Africa), Botswana, Lesotho, and Swaziland. (One sympathizes with the need to draw a line, but must ask how a study of Southern Africa can convey the region's complexities without some treatment of the roles of Zaire, Zambia and Tanzania.) Each chapter contains a capsule history of the country or territory under review; and up-to-date briefing on recent political and (in most cases) economic developments and trends; and, some speculation about the future. Apart from their timeliness, most of these short studies offer little that is not available elsewhere, including other works by the authors. The various chapters are flanked by two disappointingly short pieces by Colin Legum—the first, a quickie synopsis of Southern Africa's place in the history of decolonization; the second, a provocative 10-page speculation on scenarios for major change in South Africa.

Legum's contributions apart, *Southern Arica in Crisis* does not live up to its title. The very concept of a regional order undergoing crisis is neither explored nor argued. There is no assessment of region-wide economic patterns, military trends, or political currents. There is no treatment of the region's political, economic, or strategic relationship to the world system. The interests and policies of the US, the USSR, China, and the European states receive but passing references (except in Legum's short introduction and conclusion). Over-reacting to the tendency in some quarters to view Southern Africa as essentially an arena of East-West conflict, the authors indulge in an equally fatuous habit. By excluding coverage of major power interests and conflict, we are led to believe that the only issue is race conflict and the only way to compete is by taking sides. As a result, the general reader will have difficulty reaching conclusions about the central issues he may face as voter or taxpayer: what American (or western) interests are at stake in Southern Africa? Why is this a crisis for Americans? What influence is available for dealing with internal racial strife and internationalized conflict?

If the Africanist worldview tends to downplay the importance of regional structure and international setting, there is some compensation in its readiness to join up with the forces of history on both political and moral grounds. For Colin Legum, the western nations can break out of their current dilemma only by breaking away from their "ambiguous" associations with white minority governments and moving closer to the black African position. Change in Southern Africa, the argument goes, is part and parcel of "the recession of the West's dominant (and domineering) power" worldwide, which has been generally peaceful except when western nations (or local whites) overlook their historical role. Accordingly, a strategy of persuasion-coercion directed against recalcitrant white governments (and peoples) is the best means of limiting the damage during an early (five to 10 year) and inevitable replacement of white power by black throughout the region. The policy objective is to pre-empt racial violence and heightened Communist influence by obtaining white concessions before African nationalism can do so by itself. (Readers who have observed the birth of the new administration's Africa policy will find all this vaguely familiar.)

Individual chapters on the white-ruled areas—Rhodesia, Namibia and South Africa—vary considerably in their handling of themes of racial conflict and inequality, but each tends to confirm the general impression of the Africanist as a lobbyist. Patrick O'Meara outlines the process by which Rhodesian whites established dominance over the African majority, offering numerous insights on the failures of white statesmanship, the fragmented African nationalist resistance, and the current politico-military impasse. He correctly states that "the major obstacle to the achievement of a settlement remains the central

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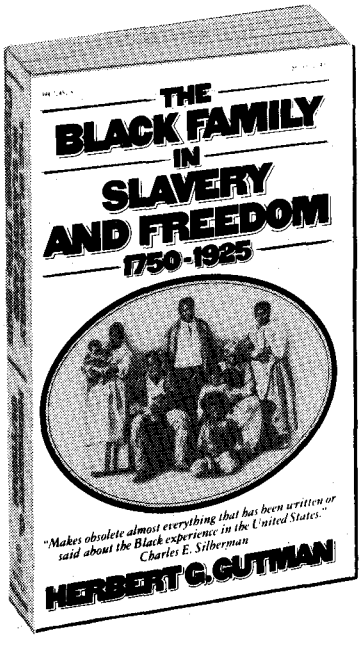

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contradiction of safeguarding entrenched white interests while at the same time providing opportunities for full African political participation." Prime Minister Ian Smith's acceptance of the Kissinger proposals in September 1976 for a two-year transition to majority rule is cited as possible evidence of a recognition that the time had come for "some form of compromise". But O'Meara offers little evidence of a basis for reconciliation, and stays clear of any suggestion that the western powers should work for compromise. Working on the safe assumption of an eventual African victory after decades in which blacks have lived lives of "subservience and frustration", he concludes with this reassurance: "whatever the problems and difficulties of transition to black rule and the subsequent hazards of self-determination, it must not be forgotten that they are all infinitely superior to the control of 6.1 million Africans by a white minority regime."

Elizabeth Landis of the UN staff, writing on Namibia, serves up the gospel according to the General Assembly. At a stroke, South Africa is denied the right and the responsibility to shape the decolonization process in a territory under its *de facto* control since the Treaty of Versailles. The reader is shown a lurid picture of South African brutality and exploitation in collusion with "foreign capital". Citing a host of UN and World Court actions as the basis for her argument, Landis maintains that the only "legitimate" basis for Namibian self-determination is for Pretoria to turn the transition problem over to the UN—which, in turn, would hand power to SWAPO (Southwest African People's Organization), "the authentic representative of Namibia". With Africanists like Landis on its staff, one wonders why it will even be necessary for the UN to supervise elections before independence.

In their discussions of South Africa, Gwendolen Carter and Colin Legum present a rather more balanced picture of the country's problems and possibilites. Carter traces the long history of South African race relations, identifying the core issue as a "clash between these two [black and white] nationalisms". Both writers seem to concur that the South African case is *sui generis* on the African continent and in the history of the post-war decolonization. Both attribute the Republic's internal political ferment to the failures and contradcitions of *apartheid* policies. Responding to Carter's question—"what political changes that satisfy blacks will be accepted by whites?"—Legum appears to argue that significant change may be beyond the capacity of a democratic white political system. Yet both Carter and Legum hold out the possibility that widespread race war can be avoided, and they make a case that western policy can make a difference. What should the West do? It should press, through diplomatic and economic levers and a tightened arms embargo, for the calling of a "national convention" of the races to draw up a new constitution. It should openly endorse the principle of majority rule for South Africa; South Africans, not outsiders, should determine the form of a new political structure, but it must not (if war is to be averted) leave whites in a dominant position.

There are many problems with the Africanist perception of white Southern Africa. Foremost of these is the tendency to disregard the crucial significance of local white perceptions, a weakness that is only compounded by casting the ruling whites in the role of anachronistic outcasts in a world of decent and just societies. The white preoccupation with political and economic security, whether defined in terms of entrenched guarantees or continued minority control, will remain the driving force of white politics as long as physical resistance to African rule is possible. This does not rule out the possibility of accomodations in Rhodesia and Namibia or of Pretoria's deciding to write them off in its own longer-term interest; nor does it rule out new formulae (including partition, not mentioned in the book) for South Africa itself which would entail significant power sharing. But it does mean a long, drawn-out process of politico-military bargaining, regardless of how urgently the western nations seek to pre-empt violence by early "solutions" to the problem. Secondly, the Africanist perception exaggerates western leverage (whatever the tactics) and the possibilities for concerted action among all the key external actors on whom Pretoria is dependent, while downgrading the substantial capacity for continued white recalcitrance. However massive its internal traumas and external challenges, South Africa—the world's fourth greatest minerals producer, a burgeoning regional military power, and a prospective nuclear state—retains a basis for coping.

The book's four chapters dealing with the African-ruled states of Southern Africa are solid country studies of varying interest. E. Philip Morgan and John Marcum offer sympathetic portraits of the governments of Botswana and Angola, respectively. Marcum, particularly, shares his rich insights into the historical development of Angolan nationalism leading to the MPLA's victory over its rivals in 1976. His treatment neatly foreshadows the recent strife in Zaire and the abortive *coup* attempt of the anti-*mestico* faction within the MPLA. One would have wished a fuller discussion of the Soviet and Cubans roles during and since the civil war in order to test the perhaps overly rosy estimates of Luanda's international and domestic freedom of action. Morgan's assessment of Botswana swings curiously between near adulation of the country's leadership for maintaining a nonracialist "liberal democracy" and a candid analysis of the bases of political power and participation in the country.

For the reader interested in Southern Africa's regional and international relations, Tony Hodges' chapter on Mozambique will probably be the most rewarding in the book. It offers a capsule record of FRELIMO's emergence as the governing party, followed by a dispassionate treatment of the problems

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and policies of the new government since independence in June 1975. His combination of candor and insight is seldom matched elsewhere in the book. Most useful, however, is Hodges' analysis of Mozambique's external relations, its role in the Rhodesian war, and its complex dependency relationship with South Africa. For models of lucid political analysis, however, Absolom L. Vilakazi's chapter on Swaziland and Lesotho stands out above the others—in some measure, one suspects, because he brings the anthropologist's training and respect for cultural conflict to the task. Vilakazi is wedded to no regime or movement, but instead focuses on the political implications of social and economic change. The result, especially in the case of Swaziland, is sobering.

Chester A. Crocker

Chester A. Crocker directs the Master of Science in Foreign Service program at Georgetown University, and is affiliated with its Center for Strategic and International Studies.

Robin Winks on Mysteries

Laidlaw
by William McIlvanney
(Pantheon; $7.95)

Death of an Old Goat
by Robert Barnard
(Walker; $6.95)

Night of Wenceslas
by Lionel Davidson
(Penguin; $1.95)

Rose of Tibet
by Lionel Davidson
(Penguin; $1.95)

The Moving Toyshop
by Edmund Crispin
(Penguin; $1.95)

The Man Who Lost His Wife
by Julian Symons
(Penguin; $1.95)

The Man Who Killed Himself
by Julian Symons
(Penguin; $1.95)

The Vorovich Affair
by S. L. Stebel
(Penguin; $1.95)

The Genuine Article
by A. B. Guthrie, Jr.
(Houghton Mifflin; $7.95)

Raven and the Kamikaze
by Donald MacKenzie
(Houghton Mifflin; $7.95)

Death in Connecticut
by David Linzee
(David McKay-Washburn; $7.95)

Sleeper
by Bruce Crowther
(Walker; $6.95)

So Much Blood
by Simon Brett
(Scribner's; $6.95)

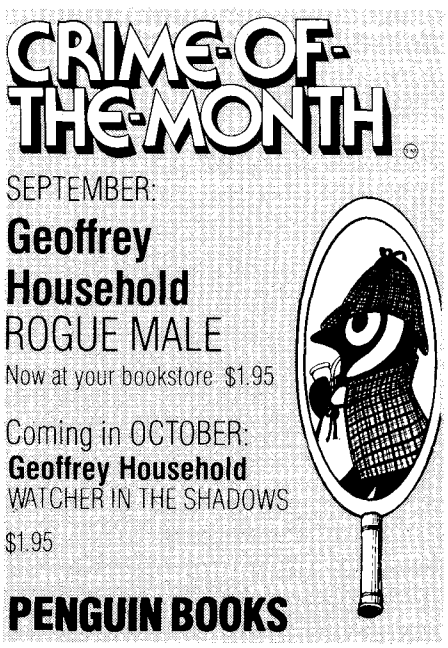
Agatha Christie: First Lady of Crime
edited by H.R.F. Keating
(Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $12.95)

Detectionary
edited by Otto Penzler, Chris Steinbrunner, and Marvin Lachman
(Overlook; $15)

Graham Greene and Kingsley Amis represent two directions in which crime fiction can move: toward the exploration of the nature of guilt or toward the comedy of academic manners. Both Greene and Amis have made significant contributions to mystery and crime fiction, Greene most notably in *Brighton Rock* and Amis most clearly in *The Riverside Villas Murder*, although it is for *Lucky Jim* that most readers will remember the latter. Now two authors have bid fair to take the place of Greene and Amis. For the first time in several years, there have been two debuts which genuinely warrant critical applause—and the willingness to lay out hard coin in quantity for the cloth editions rather than waiting for paper.

The first, *Laidlaw*, by William McIlvanney, is not really a debut, for McIlvanney is a well regarded novelist who has already won his share of awards as a serious writer. McIlvanney is a poet as well, and it shows, for he has a way with words that is as compelling as John Donne. For once dust jacket copy is correct, as Pantheon asserts that McIlvanney's mid-career leap into detective fiction is "an immediate and clear success" and that his Glasgow detective, Laidlaw, will take the place of Martin Beck for many readers. Laidlaw is, in fact, a more riveting creation that Sjöwall and Wahlöo's Stockholm detective, and Glasgow emerges as a grimmer, more individualistic, yet somehow more attractive city. What sets this novel apart, however, is the writing, which combines an ear for regional nuance with a style which is at once direct and allusive. From the opening paragraph, which describes a boy running from his own frightened perspective, through the unraveling of a sex crime by a person the reader soon comes to know, the presentation is strong, hard stuff, a bit like the Old Testament. Every figure is carefully realized, every line serves the purpose of motion and explication at once, every scene rings true. It has been a long time since I have read a first mystery as good as this one.

And while two do not make a bat-



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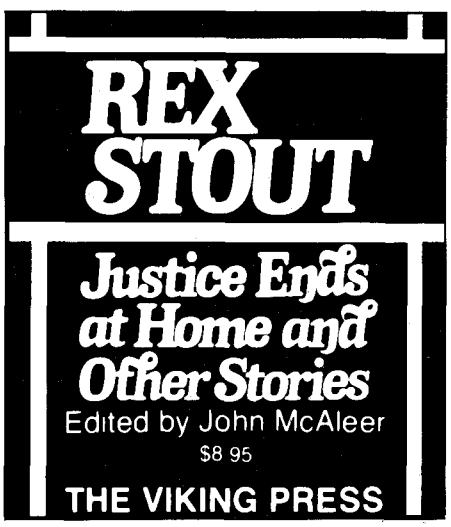
talion, neither are they single spies. For in an entirely different vein Robert Barnard, in *Death of an Old Goat*, has written perhaps the best "academic mystery" in a decade. Only the title is off-putting, for thereafter every line is right. The scene is an isolated university in Australia (here called Drummondale but clearly the University of New England, in Armidale, down to the green gowns worn by the staff) where Barnard once taught. One can understand why he is now a lecturer (in English) at far away Bergen, for he clearly loathed Australia. A number of the barbs are quite unfair but they are very funny and based on a rough kind of justice, reflecting the response of certain Pommie Bastards to the Great Australian Promise, which is paid off in monotony, dust, and beer. One of the Pommies—a doddering Professor from Oxford who is depicted with no less malice—is murdered after an acrimonious cocktail party, to which both academics and locals, who are largely from the grazing gentry, are invited, and after he has delivered a lecture which will remind university readers of many a visiting drone they have entertained. A thoroughly disreputable local inspector blunders toward a solution to the crime with the aid of one of the dons. All seems on the way to a good read with many an amusing line but little really solid mystery, when the book begins to turn in one's hands: there are five pages, then four, then three left, and still there is no solution. Suddenly not only do all the clues, scrupulously laid down if rather too much based upon inside knowledge of Oxford to be fair to all readers, come together, but Barnard provides the best, shortest, and most inevitable (with afterthought) final paragraph of any mystery this year. One can only hope that Barnard comes to dislike Bergen as much as he disliked Armidale, so that we may have another from him soon.



The other good news of the quarter is that Penquin Books, through Julian Symons, their Crime Fiction Editor, have been bringing out a number of excellent reprints lately. Not every Penguin is worth reading, even if as a youth I thought the highest accolade after the Nobel Prize was to appear as a Penguin, and some of Symons's choices have struck me as strange, as have his omissions. (The latter may have more to do with Penguin's royalty rates than with taste.) Now, however, he has selected a stunning assortment, topped off by Lionel Davidson's first two thrillers, *Night of Wenceslas* and *Rose of Tibet*, with more to come. Not everyone cares for Davidson, and his more recent books, especially *Smith's Gazelle* and *The Sun Chemist*, have received mixed reviews (although not here). Doubters should read the two older books, especially the second, which is the most exciting and most convincing thriller laid in the India/China region that I have ever read. In tone, plot, scale, and style it is nearly perfect, and were I ever driven to nominate a favorite two dozen, *Rose of Tibet* would surely be on the list. (But then, perhaps I have a thing about high altitude, since I'm convinced that *Tintin in Tibet* is Hergé's best.)

Drawing by Salvador Bru

Edmund Crispin and his literary critic turned detective, Gervase Fen, have never been among my favorites, but *The Moving Toyshop* is a clever and delightfully constructed, if totally preposterous, example of the Oxbridge sub-school of crime fiction. The exposition of the problem—a poet, Richard Cadogan, stumbles into a toy shop on the Iffley Road in Oxford, and a body therein, only to have toy shop as well as body disappear before he can bring the police—is especially good, even if the solution, based on the nonsense verse of Edward Lear, is rather too donnish. Symons also has had the courage to select himself, and two of his three tales are especially good. *The Man Who Lost His Wife* only incidentally involves a murder; it is an amusing, wry, woefully too true examination of the way a not very interesting man comes to doubt his wife's faithfulness. *The Man Who Killed Himself* is more complex in plot, involving a man who has two personalities and wives to go with them who finds that he must rid himself of one personality and the *other* wife. Success of a kind brings him to the realization that "freedom only existed in relation to restriction"—and from this all else unravels.

Unraveling is what *The Vorovich Affair*, by S. L. Stebel, is all about, though in a quite different way. Vorovich is a narc who bungles an intercept, killing a boy in the process. He is drummed out of the narcotics agency and sets out in pursuit of the suppliers of the drugs, whether in vengeance, as an undercover agent, or to make himself a private fortune is not entirely clear. In the process the reader learns a good bit about the drug trade although little about enforcement. For this one turns to Rex Burns, whose *Farnsworth Score* was mentioned here not long ago, and whose earlier and better book, *The Alvarez Journal*, has just been reissued in paper by Berkley. The detail is authentic and sometimes fascinating, even though the scenes in Denver and Boulder never really seem to capture a Rocky Mountain High.

Of course, the Rocky Mountains seem both high and far enough away to confuse some critics. One, New York based, recently put A. B. Guthrie's *The Genuine Article* in the Southwest, although we are told often enough that the locale is Montana. That's a bit like confusing Norway with Nigeria, for my money, and although Indians figure prominently in both American settings, all Indians do not look alike. As in *Wild Pitch* Guthrie creates interesting people, lets us see them at work, and convinces us that his Sheriff Chick Charleston and his young assistant Jason Beard, now back from two years at college, are authentic types. The mystery is exceedingly slight, and anyone with just a bit of Indian lore and a cursory knowledge of Zane Grey should solve it early on. Still, one will read to the end,

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for Guthrie writes like the professional he is.

Donald MacKenzie is a professional too, and if one can get over the mock romantic picture of how he learned to write while in prison and take him simply as a very competent Canadian who lives in England and has written 23 perfectly acceptable books, then *Raven and the Kamikaze* goes down well. MacKenzie is a close neighbor of Buchan and Household in plotting and style, but he lets his developing series hero, Raven, make enough mistakes to suggest that he isn't really very efficient, and he creates a strong sense of tension in the figure of a Pole who is determined to destroy a Russian target in London while Raven and another Pole, Zaleski (who was central to an earlier book), desperately seek to learn of his target and to stop him.

Three rather less professional yet by no means contemptible books have also come swimming upon the summer tides. One, *Death in Connecticut*, by David Linzee, is a "first book" and shows it, for the plot creaks and the principal figure, a self-pitying young drop-out who hates his father, is not convincing. Even so, after travelling out to Midbury, Montana, with A. B. Guthrie, how can one resist a book which speaks of Yale, and New Haven, and Hartford as though they were as romantic and as menacing as the far away places of most such fiction. This book might have made it if the author had held to his early bad taste, but he muffs a strong debut with an effort at a truly soppy happy ending.

No happy ending for Bruce Crowther. *Sleeper* is a book that pursues Frederick Forsyth along the corridors of assassination, as we follow one man in what appears to be his pursuit of an International Leader at a London conference. From within a sleeper, buried 30 years, is at last called upon by his masters to perform a small but crucial task. The problem is that Crowther never allows tension to develop for more than a few pages, cutting back and forth in a cinematic way from potential victim to assassin to sleeper to policemen and to others. He writes short, choppy paragraphs which he separates from other short, choppy paragraphs by a row of stars, as though he couldn't be bothered with finding any linkage between them. The effect is disappointing, despite several flashes which remind one of William Haggard at his cynical best.

Cynicism is also at the heart of *So Much Blood*, by Simon Brett, although it is clothed in a romanticism about the theater that is seldom appealing. The hero, who we are told is "amiable, yet over-sexed"—what is the function of that "yet" one wonders?—is Charles Paris, now 47, often pissed, as he says, who is doing a one man show on the Edinburgh Fringe, based on the punning poetry of Thomas Hood. The mystery is not very complex and the clues, such as they are, have an odd random quality, as though the author had gone back through the manuscript to plant them as an afterthought. Still, it is a pleasant enough read, especially if watching one of the summer's duller baseball games on the box with a good Glenfarclas at hand. I'm sure I'll want to read Brett again; Crowther and Linzee probably not.

Two more works of quasi-scholarship close this quarterly report to the investors. One, *Agatha Christie: First Lady of Crime*, has been edited by H.R.F. Keating, and it brings together 13 new essays that assess every aspect to Dame Agatha's work. A few, such as William Weaver's inquiry into Christie's use of music in her fiction, attempt to build bricks without straw; others, such as Emma Lathen's quite amusing statement on why Christies sell so well in the States, are contributions of real value. Dorothy B. Hughes argues that Christie's autobiography is revealed through her Mary Westmacott books, and while I find the argument utterly unconvincing, it is also nice to see an attempt at something completely different.

And now for something exactly the same. Otto Penzler and Chris Steinbrunner, together with others of those who have worked with them before—Marvin Lachman, who is credited on the cover as an editor, Charles Shibuk and Francis M. Nevins, who have done a good bit of the work too, and Mill Roseman, who "conceived and produced" the book (this all begins to read like a television show)—have provided us with another valuable, accurate, finding aid. Their *Detectionary* is a biographical dictionary of the leading characters of mystery fiction, followed by short summaries alphabetically arranged of major cases. If you can't remember who Sir Denis Nayland Smith was or what *The Murders in Praed Street* was about, here is the place to turn. As always when Penzler and Steinbrunner collaborate, there is a useful section on movies as well. It all serves to remind one what a good movie *Laidlaw* would make—a Glaswegian *Odd Man Out*.

Brief Reviews

The Ivankiad
by Vladimir Voinovich

(Farrar, Straus and Giroux; $10, $3.95 paper)

Humor speaks truth to power; it can speak coarsely or exceeding fine. Like Swift, I think, rather more than Gogol, Vladimir Voinovich can impale on a pickax of compounded details the essential corruptions and essential falsehood of an entire system. His struggle to secure an apartment due him and his wife in a writers' cooperative does not expose a Soviet Watergate. It reveals something worse: the routine intrusion of official duplicity and profiteering into just about every mundane aspect of other people's lives. So it is not simply tyranny imposed from above; at its most successful, it captures your guts and soul. A well-wisher advises, "Tell them you're from the working class, that you wrote a song about the cosmonauts. . . .Hint to them somehow that you're not Jewish."

The author has had the effrontery to show how caprice becomes systematic, and mere callousness becomes cruelty. Voinovich's trangression was not so

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much that he still wanted an apartment already denied him at the top: the system seems to survive on unsatisfied wants. Rather, it was that he insisted on the application to his case of the arcane and convoluted rules of Soviet society. Limits are protections, it seems, even in hell. He wrote memos, notes, briefs, letters, ultimata, and unlike Bellow's Herzog he sent them on. They are all in the book as part of a bitter and brilliantly funny narrative of one dissident's small victory over the Frunzensky Regional Executive Committee and the Cooperative Department of the Moscow Municipal Housing Administration. In Russia that is about the biggest victory one can win. But how much bravery it takes!

Family and Community: Italian Immigrants in Buffalo, 1880-1930 by Virginia Yans-McLaughlin

(Cornell University Press; $12.50)

My wife does therapy with Italian families, and she was reading, I assumed, yet another monograph for her professional work. I picked it up out of curiosity, perhaps, or maybe worse, out of exasperation that here was still one more community study. This book *is* a scholarly monograph—a revision of a PhD dissertation, in fact—and a community study. But it is also a vividly human presentation of the Italian migration to America. Real people appear here, with ordeals and hopes, successes and failures, in all of the circumstances envisioned by the marriage vows. Unions, churches, the rackets, the press, even ideals and ideologies come into focus on this meticulously comprehensive canvas. The author brings a rare sympathy to situations she does not much like, but the sympathy is not mere sentiment. Since Irving Howe's exemplary *World of Our Fathers*, no self-respecting immigrant historian will indulge in that.

Yans-McLaughlin is of a school of historians immensely indebted, and antagonistic, to mathematical scholars like Stephan Thernstrom, and she tangles in print a bit too coyly with those methods and conclusions with which she disagrees. But the evidence is here that Yans-McLaughlin has struggled with the materials and struggled honestly. What she is asserting beyond her claims for an Italian distinctiveness is the need for what we used to call national character studies. Her comparisons to the Poles of Buffalo are instructive. What might really be useful is more comparative work on the resilience of family structure and other forces of stability among ethnic immigrants and among black Americans. This lively volume sheds some light on how this might be done. And my wife tells me that it will also make more tractable some problems arising in therapy for the descendants of people who fill this book.

College: Reward and Betrayal by Thomas J. Cottle

(University of Chicago Press; $10.95)

Thomas J. Cottle may be America's most faithful and imaginative observer of the radically changing values and circumstances of young people in our time. No one except Robert Coles has devoted himself as scrupulously to the vocation of empathy with those young who are mostly preached to or preached about. Much of Cottle's writing is intended as a vehicle for representative individuals among the otherwise silent. With this collection—it is not merely a collection—Cottle fixes his fine ear and eye on very different kinds of college experiences, including one on his own failure to achieve tenure at Harvard. This is the truest evocation of the life of junior faculty I've read anywhere.

Cottle is a man with sympathies. What has always distinguished him, however, from the pedagogical axgrinders like Jonathan Kozol is that his sympathies do not constitute a dogma with which schools are to unmake and remake character and society. Cottle is less ambitious, which is to say more honest. And he is absorbed by individual people and individual institutions. Often they don't meet his expectations or his hopes. So there is almost always inner and creative conflict in what he writes. One essay, however, troubles me. It is about Columbia College—not the Ivy one securely anchored on Morningside Heights, but the nearly anonymous experimental one on some Chicago streets. I don't know whether it's Cottle's fault or mine: he is stirred by Columbia as an educational environment; to me it seems more like bedlam.

He wants you to love the fellow who runs the place; "one had better," Cottle says. I don't. The leader is committed all right; committed to freedom, we're told—but he threatens to fire someone arbitrarily. And watching that happen seems to trouble Cottle not at all.

The tension in this book—as in other of his writings—is that the Cottle we read is a traditionally, almost classically educated person. He is learned, he reasons carefully. He can see beyond, way beyond the borders of his own life—his reading, his music, his exquisitely leisured athletics. But can those more loosely schooled know, or even simply appreciate, his culture—and ours?

Martin Peretz

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TRB, *from page 2*

facilities will run into billions of dollars." The unresolved waste disposal problem is, in fact, the single greatest threat to the future of nuclear power as Mr. Carter lays his energy plans.

Here are some statistics, prepared by the Comptroller General in a 70-page report called "Nuclear Energy's Dilemma." The government has 21 million gallons of toxic waste "temporarily" stored at Aiken, South Carolina, and 50 million more in steel tanks at the Hanford facility at Richland, Washington. There are another three million at Idaho Falls, Idaho. Then there are 60,000 gallons of high level waste generated from commercial reprocessing activities (that's the stuff at West Valley, New York.) And 13 million cubic feet of radioactive solidified waste are buried around in five principal spots. More of it is accumulated every day from commercial plants. If these plants increase, as seems likely, 152 million more gallons will be generated by AD 2000, it's estimated. The United States is aslosh in toxic waste.

I think congressmen were astonished by some of the things they learned; I admit I was. For example, ERDA is supposed to handle waste disposal but has only just started to get up a "report" on storage facilities and doesn't seem likely to have firm recommendations for a year or so. Meanwhile the Carter administration is preparing to export relatively innocent enriched uranium and to receive back spent fuel, making the United States a kind of garbage dump for our friends.

How can anybody know the true cost of nuclear-generated power until the cost of waste disposal is factored in? Congressmen kept asking that. The report to Congress by the Comptroller General took nasty swipes at ERDA. ERDA doesn't have the public's confidence, it says, and it's not likely to until it shows it has solutions for problems like storage, and drops "overly optimistic" claims.

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Correspondence

What might have been

To the editors:

It must have been 1915 when I first subscribed to *The New Republic*. I was a Cornell sophomore, and an upperclassman remarked to me that "*The New Republic* does my thinking for me." Inasmuch as I subscribe now, 62 years later, I can hardly be taken for an unfriendly critic. And yet I confess that, in recent issues, I find myself missing from your criticisms of Jimmy Carter—usually well deserved—any background of thankfulness for what we have got and for what we escaped last November.

Anthony Lewis has put this well. Imagine, he says, the delight of liberals if they had been told a year ago that Carter would be elected and would by now have already: canceled the B-1; made a Panama treaty; improved relations with Cuba; let Vietnam join the UN; facilitated visitors' visas for foreign Communists; signed a strip mining law; started an effort to conserve energy; called for less Draconian laws on marijuana and a humane transformation of welfare; and, best of all, held out to the world a new vision on human rights.

Bertram F. Willcox
Cornell Law School

Our normal enlarged correspondence section will return next week.

The Classifieds

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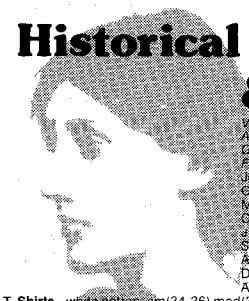

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Washington Diarist

Irrational Phenomena

Jimmy Carter is having his troubles. The *Detroit Free Press* reported that, in a campaign appearance with the incumbent candidate for governor of New Jersey, he first promoted the man to President Byrne, went on to demote him to Mayor Byrne, and ended by calling the state a city. It's easy to get rattled in New Jersey, we're told, the more so if you've not been much welcome there before, as Carter has not. It's not just Bert Lance, however, who has been on his mind. Among other things, the President has now learned—if we are to believe the explanations that exculpate Carter from some responsibility in the Lance mess—that he can't even trust the honorable Messrs. Jordan, Powell and Lipshutz to keep him informed of things he should know. By their own account they did not tell him of a post-inauguration FBI report detailing their favorite go-go banker's banking improprieties.

Early on in this unedifying episode, bankers were wailing about the mounting attacks on "the one man in the Carter Administration in whom bankers and businessmen had confidence." Now these gentlemen of finance are hastening to reassure us that Bert's approach to business—far from being reassuringly familar—is barely recognizable to them. In any case, the President has only himself to blame for his predicament. If he hadn't been so haughty and sanctimonious about the folk he'd summoned to Washington, the press and even the Republicans might have foregone blood in this great slippery Snopes scandal. One friend of mine who has lived a long time wonders what all the fuss is about anyway: "After all Amy's nurse is a convicted murderess. Trusties are a tradition in the South." Writing in the *Washington Star*, Gene McCarthy observed that the Lance inquiries have demonstrated that "he has the skills essential for his government post." That is, they have shown that Lance can move money around quickly, recognize a deficit and cover it with an overdraft. LaBelle Lance told reporters that her husband's experience in managing their own financial affairs was a credential for the job and not a disqualification. I couldn't reach Mrs. Lance to pursue the point, but I did reach McCarthy. He wasn't eager to linger on the Lance specifics, but suggested there was at least one lesson to be learned about the requirements of the Presidency. "Every President should be entitled to one appointed teddy bear or security blanket. He seems to need one, his and his alone. Let the President identify who it is in advance and the Congress and media should pledge that that person will go unscrutinized."

Irrational phenomena made me think of Son of Sam. The mental health professionals have now denied the populace its go at David Berkowitz, and there will be no solace or retribution from the judicial system. What the psychiatrists have said, in effect, is that the murderer was possessed by a dybbuk; therefore he is not in a position to defend himself at trial. In the middle ages, the dybbuk itself might have been tried and condemned. Who is to say that the dybbuk—in this case a neighborhood dog—will not possess someone else and move him or her to murder?

The Russians are still exorcising dybbuks—but of another sort. For years in the Soviet Union political dissidents have been turned over to mental institutions and declared psychologically unbalanced. Think the unpardonable, the message says, and you'll be at the mercy of commissars and their hireling doctors. At the recent congress of the World Psychiatric Association in Hawaii, this grotesque abuse of medicine was condemned by a vote of 90 to 88. It was something of a defeat for Moscow, but not exactly the kind of vote to cheer decent opinion. It reminded me of that old Jewish story about a member of the synagogue at home, alone and sick. A delegation visits, bringing tidings that the brotherhood of worshippers has passed a resolution wishing him a full and speedy recovery—by a vote of 11 to 9. In Hawaii, falsehood could rally large constituencies to its cause. But anyone who will read Sidney Bloch's and Peter Reddaway's stunning new book *Psychiatric Terror: How Soviet Psychiatry is Used to Suppress Dissent* (Basic Books) will see that the ethos of Hitler's doctors did not die with the Third Reich.

Accommodating to falsehood is not an uncommon phenomenon. The profit motive is one common incentive to accommodation. Or, as the UPI reported on Sept. 8, "The sound of cash register bells today come close to drowning out the controversy over censorship at the First Moscow International Book Fair." Censorship appeared in two forms in Moscow: the self-censorship of the western publishers and the censorship enforced by the ideological police. The first, I think, is the most distressing. *Psychiatric Terror*, for example, was not brought along, by either its British or its American publisher. Oxford University Press seemed to think it could finally spring the existence of Trotsky on the unsuspecting Russians, but the authorities disposed of that illusion quickly. In a way and for reasons that George Orwell told us about years ago, his *1984* and *Animal Farm* never made it to the book stalls. Neither did Solzhenitsyn. The most popular exhibit seemed to be that of the Israeli publishers, no doubt as circumspect as all the others. But in the Communist world, defamed Israel is itself a metaphor of nonconformity and for truth.

One book that I'm sure was not on display in Moscow is Bernard-Henri Levy's *La barbarie à visage humain* (Grasset), which has fallen on *gauchiste* France like a bombshell. A veteran of 1968 and other leftist insurrections of the streets and the spirit, Levy has written a passionate, meticulously reasoned and fresh argument for the values of liberal democracy. It will prove to be, I think, the single most important and sensible anti-Communist manifesto of our time. This does not necessarily mean that "Marx is Dead," which is what the European edition of *Time*, impatient with the slow pace of Clio, proclaimed on a recent cover.

Afficionados of Albanian politics have less reason now than ever to read *The New Republic*. I presume we do not number too many Albaniophiles among our subscribers, or we would have been inundated with indignant letters over a ghastly error in this space two weeks ago. Writing from Switzerland about Enver Hoxha, whom I identified as "the man who tends the flock in Albania," I asked my secretary to check the spelling of his name. She duly looked up the leader of Albania in some official reference source, and quite naturally came up with the name Haxhi Lleshi. Lleshi, of course, is the official head of state. Hoxha is the head of the party, and the man whose "line" the poster on the lamppost in Cambridge, Mass., urged passersby to "follow faithfully." Lleshi is a man without a line to call his own.

M. P.

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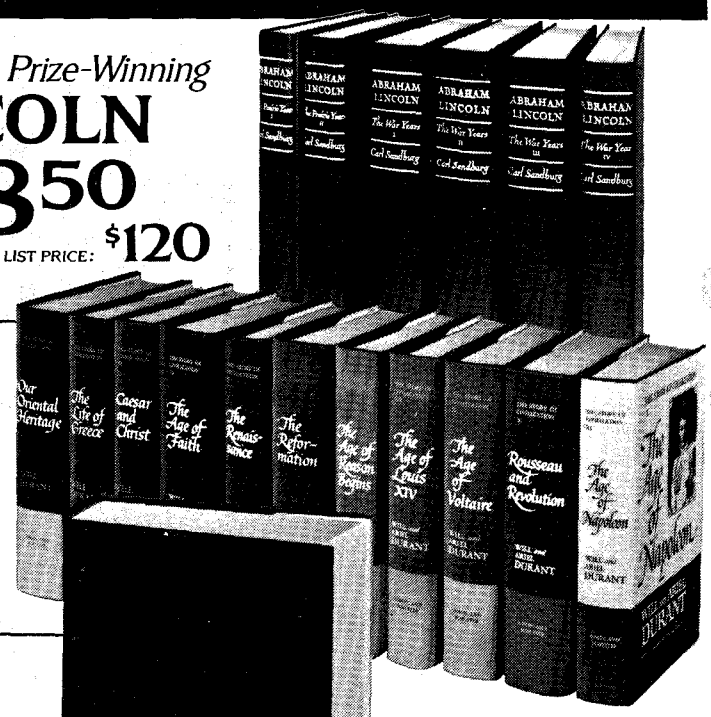

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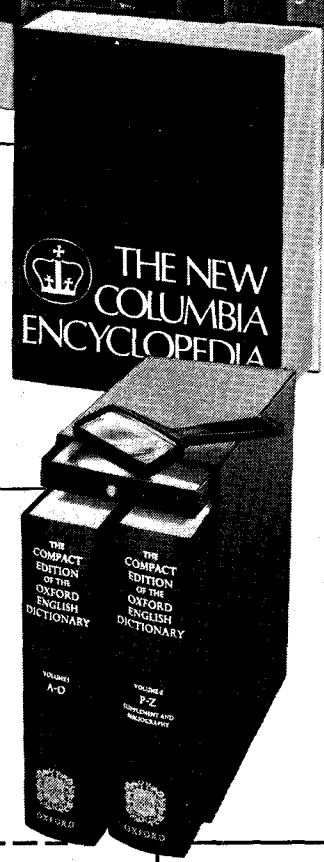

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